Grampa in Oz
By
Ruth Plumly Thompson
Founded on and Continuing
The Famous
Oz Stories
By
L. Frank Baum
Illustrated by Jno R Neill

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The Project Gutenberg eBook, Grampa in Oz, by Ruth Plumly Thompson, Illustrated by John R. Neill

Grampa in Oz

GRAMPA IN OZ

Grampa was an old soldier who had fought in Nine Hundred and Eighty Battles

Grampa In Oz

BY

RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON

Founded on and continuing the Famous Oz Stories

BY

L. FRANK BAUM

"Royal Historian of Oz"

Illustrated by

JOHN R. NEILL

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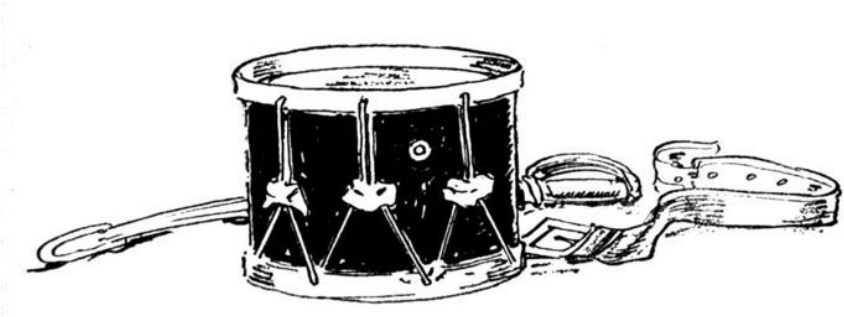
Grampa in Oz



Dear Boys and Girls:

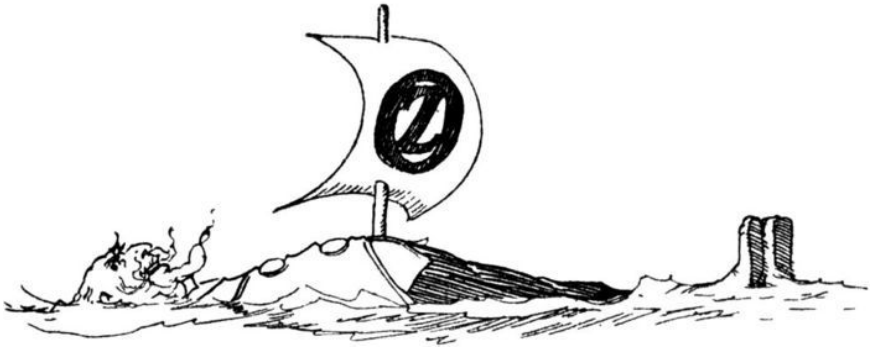
This book is all about an old soldier called Grampa, a young a lost Princess and a weather cock named Bill. I might nev known a thing about them if Dorothy had not been mixed u story. But if there is any excitement in Oz, that girl is bound to in the middle of it, and her adventures with Grampa, Prince Ta Bill are the most curious that have happened in a year of Really!

"I hope the other boys and girls will like Grampa as much says Dorothy, and I hope so too, for I'm awfully fond of the old

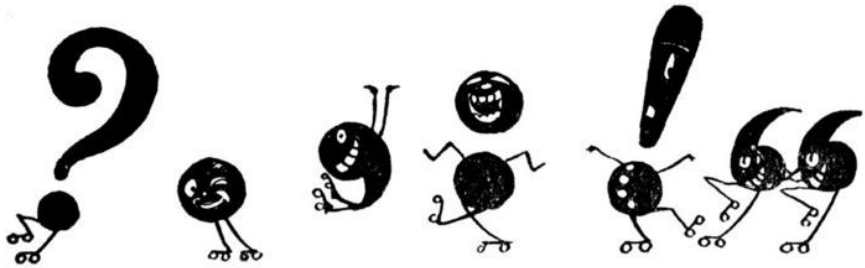
I hear from Glinda that Mombi the witch is up to some misc must hurry off to the Emerald City at once. If it is true I'll tel about it in the next story. Now please do write me some more jolly letters and tell me any Oz news you may hear. W Meanwhile, lots of love, good wishes and good times to you!

RUTH PLUMLY THO

Philadelphia,
July, 1924.



This book is dedicated, with deep affection, to
Uncle Billy
(Major William J. Hammer)
Author, inventor and second cousin to Santa Claus
Ruth Plumly Thomp



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CHAPTER 1

A Rainy Day in Ragbad

King Fumbo of Ragbad shook in his carpet slippers. He had
his red shoes, so he could not very well shake in them.

"My dear," quavered the King, flattening his nose against the
pane, "will you just look out of this window and tell me what y

"*My Dear*" was really the Queen of Ragbad and years ago, w
had first come to the old red castle on the hill, she had worn h
every day and was always addressed as "Your Majesty!" But
passed and affairs in the kingdom had gone from bad to w
Dear, like many another Queen, had taken off her crown, pu
thimble and become plain Mrs Sew-and-Sew, and with all he
she had barely been able to keep the kingdom from falling t
She was stitching a patch on the King's Thursday cloak at t

minute I am telling you about.

"What now!" gasped the poor lady, and rushing to the win also pressed her nose to the pane.

"Do you see what I see?" choked King Fumbo, clutching at he

"I see a great cloud rolling over Red Mountain," panted M and-Sew. "I see the red geese flying before the wind. I see—" gave a great bounce and brushed past her husband—"I see patch work quilt blowing down the highway!" moaned Mrs S Sew, stumbling across the room.

"Ruination!" spluttered the King as the door slammed after "Shut the bells! Ring the windows; fetch Prince Tatters and cal umbrella! Grampa! Scroggles! Where is every Ragbad-body?"

Grampa, as it happened, was in the garden and Grampa wa soldier with a game leg who had fought in nine hundred an Ragbad battles and beaten everything, including the drum. Just was beating the carpet. Tatters, the young Prince of Ragbad, w a picnic with the Redsmith, and Scroggles, the footman-of- about the castle, was mending a hole in the roof, so none of the the King's calls.

Finally, seeing that no one was coming to carry out his co Fumbo began to carry them out himself. First he clutched his r and jumped clear out of his carpet slippers. Next he slam window on his thumb. With his thumb in his mouth he hurled upon the bell rope, pulling it so violently the cord broke and him upon his back. Having failed to ring the bell, he wrung his and well he might, for the room had grown dark as pitch and was howling down the chimney like a pack of hungry gollywoc

"I'll get my umbrella," muttered King Fumbo, scrambling to but just as he reached the door, ten thousand pounds of clapped the castle on the back and so startled poor Fumbo tha through the door and all the way down ten flights of steps. An still, when he finally did pick himself up, instead of running throne room, he plunged out into the garden and the storm bro

over his head—broke with such flashing of lightning and cra
thunder, and lashing of tree tops, that the King and such other
Ragbadians as were out were flung flat on their noses, and
who were indoors crept under beds and into cupboards and
they had been better than they had been. Even Grampa—who
and away the bravest man in the country—even Grampa, after
at the sky, rolled himself in the carpet he had been beating
trembling like a tobacco leaf.

"This will certainly spoil the rag crop," sighed Grampa dism
as he spoke right out in this frank fashion of the chief ind
Ragbad, I'd better tell you a bit more about the country itself,
see your nose curling with curiosity and curly noses are not n
becoming as they used to be.

To begin with, Ragbad is in Oz—a small patch of a kingd
down in the southwestern corner of the Quadling country. In t
of Fumbo's father it had been famous for its chintz and tapis
red ginghams and calico vines, its cotton fields and its fine lin
lawns. Indeed, at one time, all the dress goods in Oz had been g
the gardens of Ragbad.

But when Fumbo came to the throne, he began to spend
time reading and so much money for books and tobacco that
emptied the treasury and had no money to pay the chintz and
pickers, nor to send the lawns to the laundry—they were
slightly dusty from being trodden on—and one after anot
workers of Ragbad had been forced to seek a living in other l
that now there were only twenty-seven families left, and th
fields and calico bushes, the chintz and tapis trees, from lack
and cultivation, ran perfectly wild and yielded—instead of fine
material—nothing but shreds, tatters and rags.

The twenty-seven remaining Ragbadians, including the Redsn
Miller, the Baker and twenty-four rustic laborers, after a vain
to do the work of twenty-seven hundred, gave up in desp
became common rag-pickers. From these rags, which fortunat

still plentiful, Mrs Sew-and-Sew and the good wives of Ragbad
the clothing worn in the kingdom, besides countless rag rugs,
money obtained from the sale of these rugs was all that kept
country from absolute and utter ruin.

Of the splendid courtiers and servitors surrounding Fumbo
only three remained, for I regret to say that neither the servants
old nobility had been able to stand the hardships attenda
poverty, and they had left in a body the first morning Mrs Sew-
had served oatmeal without cream for breakfast. The army,
deserted and marched off to Jinxland because the King could
them new uniforms, so that only three retainers were left in the
castle on hill. Pudge, the oldest and fattest of the wise men, ha
because he was fond of his room in the tower and of Mrs S
Sew's coffee. Scroggles, the second footman, had stayed becaus
old-fashioned notions of his duty, and Grampa, though lo
discharged from active service, had stuck to his post like the ga
soldier he was, and as there were no battles to fight, he ten
furnace, weeded the gardens and helped King Fumbo and Mrs S
Sew bring up their son to as fine a young Prince as any in Oz.

It was of Prince Tatters—during all this bluster—that Gran
thinking as he lay shivering under the carpet, and as soon
thunder stopped hammering in his ears he stuck out his he
wind, after snatching off ten roofs, the wings from the red
shaking all the little cottages till their very chimneys chatte
rushed away over Red Mountain. It was still raining, but
seeing that the worst was over, crawled out of the carpet and
look for trouble. And what do you s'pose he found? Why, the
at least, the best part of the King!

"Ragamercy!" shrieked the old soldier, jumping behind a tap
thing he had never done in all of those nine hundred and eighty
But his conduct does not surprise me at all, for Fumbo had lost
in the storm, and was running wildly around without it—st
over bushes and vines and stamping his stockinged feet in a

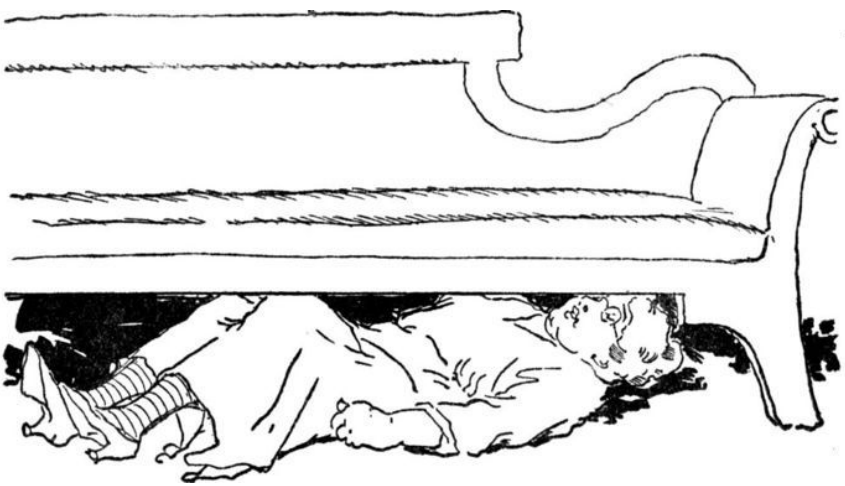
frenzy of fright and fury. Now, of course, you will say at o
Fumbo is not first King to lose his head and I can only answer t
the first I ever heard of who went on living without it, and if
were not in the wonderful Land of Oz I should say at once
thing was impossible. In Oz, however, one may come apart, bu
ever dies; so here was poor Fumbo, with his head clean off, as
lively as ever.

Breathing hard, Grampa peered around the tapis tree agai
whether his eyes had deceived him. But no, it was the King, w
doubt, and without his head. “Whatever will Mrs Sew-and
now,” groaned Grampa, and pulling his campaign hat well do
his ears dashed out and seizing Fumbo’s arm began splashing
the garden, dragging the King along after him. Mrs Sew-and-
already reached the castle and was sitting on the broken-sprin
that served for a throne, sneezing violently. She had not only
her quilt, but she had caught a frightful cold. All the colors in
had run together, and this last calamity so upset the poor lady

began sobbing and sneezing by turns. But right in the middl
fifteenth sneeze, she looked up and saw the old soldier with t
leg standing in the doorway.

"Now don't be frightened," begged Grampa, advancing sti
dripping water all over the rug. "Don't be alarmed, but at t
time prepare yourself for a blow."

Mrs Sew-and-Sew, with her damp kerchief in her hand, had
been preparing herself for a blow, but now, dropping the hand
she sneezed instead and when, glancing over Grampa's shou
caught sight of the King, she sneezed again and fainted dead a
rolled under the sofa.



"This is worse than a battle," puffed Grampa, dashing betw
King and the Queen, for every time he tried to help Mrs Sew-
the King fell over a chair or upset a table.

"Halt! About face and wheel to your left, can't you?" roared
soldier, mopping his forehead. But to these instructions Fumbo
no face about him, paid no attention. Instead he wheeled to t
and swept all the ornaments from the mantel down on the old
head, and then jumped on Grampa's good foot so hard that
forgot for a moment he was a King, and thumped him in the rib

muttering apologies, the old soldier seized a curtain cord a
Fumbo to a red pillar. This done, he reached under the sofa, pu
Mrs Sew-and-Sew, and having nothing else handy gave her
pinch of snuff. Just as she came to, in from the garden, splashi
in every direction, rushed Prince Tatters and in from the kitche
Pudge, the aged Wise Man.

"The rag crop is ruined and the King will lose his head!"
Pudge, who had a bad habit of predicting events after t
occurred.

"Has lost his head," corrected Grampa, jerking his thumb
shoulder.

"But Grampa!" Stumbling across the room, Prince Tatters sl
old soldier by the arm. "When—how—why—what will he do?"

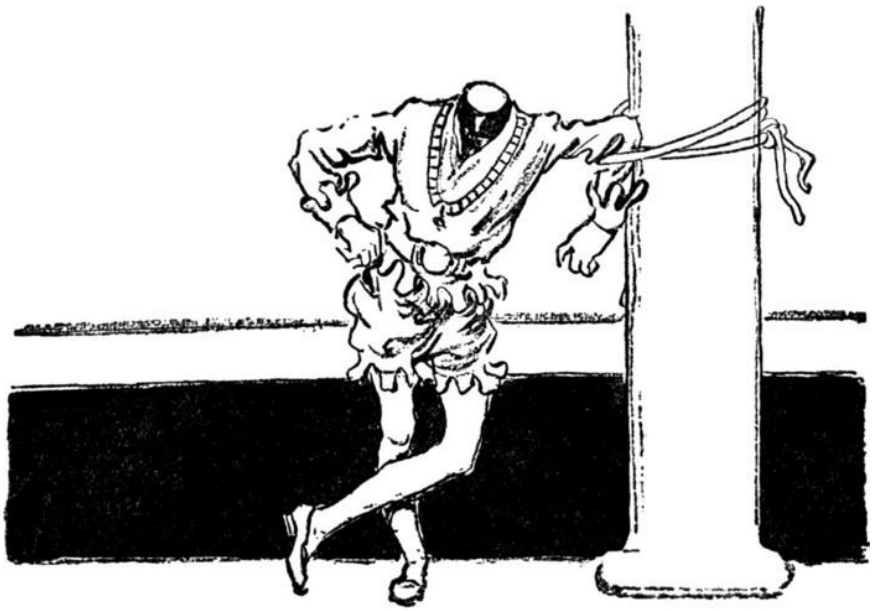
"Do without it," sighed the old soldier, glancing uneasily at F

"The King has lost his head, long live his body!" wheezed
rolling up his eyes.

"Now don't cry, my dear!" begged Grampa, scowling reprov
Pudge and patting Mrs Sew-and-Sew on the shoulder. "Having
really saves one no end of trouble. No face to wash! N
headaches, no ear aches, no tooth aches!" Grampa's voice gre
and more cheerful. "No lectures to listen to, no spectacles to
hair to lose, no more colds to catch in it. Why he is really b
without a head!"

But Mrs Sew-and-Sew refused to be comforted and rocking to
moaned, "What shall we do! What shall we do? What shall we d

"I tell you," proposed Pudge, pursing up his lips importantl
all have a strong cup of coffee." As this seemed a sensible su
they all filed into the big red kitchen of the castle, leaving
kicking his heels against the stone pillar.



CHAPTER 2

The Wise Man Speaks

"I suppose," sighed the old soldier, stirring his coffee with th of his sword, "it would do no good to hunt for the King's hea garden?" Drying out before the blazing fire in the kitchen st sipping Mrs Sew-and-Sew's fragrant coffee the little compa grown more calm.

"I'll just have a look," said Prince Tatters, pushing back his c the old Wise Man shook an impatient finger at the very idea o thing.

"When a King's head goes off it goes off," declared Pudge —"Way off as far off as it can go."

"How far is that?" asked the old soldier. "And—"

"Hush, I am thinking," wheezed Pudge, ruffling up his hair w
hand and holding out his coffee cup with the other. "I am thin
presently I shall speak. Another cup of coffee, ma'am!" This
seventh cup and after he had sipped it deliberately, scraped
sugar out of the bottom and licked the spoon, he set down both
saucer, flung up his hands and spoke. "Let Prince Tatters go in s
his father's head," said the old Wise Man of Ragbad. "Let him
the same time his fortune, or a Princess with a fortune, for othe
will end as a common rag-picker."

"But suppose," objected Grampa, who tho' an old bachelor
had romantic ideas about marriage, "suppose he cannot love a
with a fortune. Suppose—"

"It is not wisdom to suppose!" sniffed Pudge. "Hush! I am
and presently I shall speak again." He closed his eyes and pre
fingers to his forehead and after a short silence, during which M
and-Sew took a quick swallow of coffee and Grampa a hasty
snuff, he spoke again. "It is the rainy day," announced Pudg
most solemn voice, "the rainy day I have long predicted. As
has lost his head we must ourselves see what he has saved u
Come!"

Marching to the King's best bed chamber, Pudge flung o
cupboard and there beside Fumbo's worn cloak hung the only
had saved up for a rainy day—a huge red umbrella.

"And must Tatters go out into Oz with only this to protect h
danger?" wailed Mrs Sew-and-Sew, beginning to sneeze again.

"No!" declared Grampa, stamping his good foot. "I my
accompany him!"

"Oh, Grampa!" cried the Prince, who was too young to rea
dangers of head hunting or the hardships of fortune finding, "
start at once?"

"Hush!" mumbled Pudge, holding up his finger, "I am th
Blowing out his cheeks, he stood perfectly quiet for about as l
would take to count ten.

“To-morrow morning will be the time to start,” said the
Man. “Let us return to the King.” Sobering a bit at the thoug
unfortunate father, Prince Tatters followed them down stairs, b
now and then he gave a little hop, for the idea of setting out u
an adventure thrilled him tremendously. When they reached th
room, Fumbo was leaning quietly against the post. He had e
become more used to the loss of his head and was busily twid
thumbs.

“If we could just get him a false head till we find his own,
Grampa, thumping the King affectionately on the back, “he wo
more natural. Ah, I have it!” Plunging out into the wet garden
soldier plucked a huge cabbage and hurrying back set it u
King’s shoulders. But no sooner had he done so than Fumbo b
cord tying him to the pillar, rushed to the kitchen and tried
into the soup pot! Indeed, Mrs Sew-and-Sew snatched off his
head just in time to save him from this further calamity.

Panting a little from the exertion and surprise they all sat
think again. But by this time the news had spread into the vill

the twenty-four rustic laborers, the Miller, and the Baker
Redsmith came hurrying to the castle to offer their services. Th
subjects to be proud of, let me tell you, though a little odd lo
their patched and many colored garments. They listened in r
silence while Grampa told all he knew of the strange plight
Fumbo.

"I will make the King an iron head," volunteered the B
eagerly. He had a forge next to the mill and did all the iron
Ragbad.

"No, no!" protested Grampa. "Iron is too hard. Do you w
Sew-and-Sew to break her knuckles?" he finished indignant
dodged behind a pillar, because it was not generally known
Sew-and-Sew boxed the King's ears every morning.

"I will make the King a new bun—er—head," puffed th
stepping forward importantly, "a head as good as his own!"

"You mean a doughnut?" asked Grampa in astonishment. "W
would be splendid!" Fortunately no one heard him this time an
Sew-and-Sew was pleased with the idea the Baker hurried
kitchen and with several raisins, some flour, spices, milk and
kneaded up and baked a head that was the image of Fumbo's
had melancholy prune eyes, red icing for hair and cinnamon w
Once it had been glued on the King's shoulders everyone drew
sigh of relief and Fumbo himself walked calmly to his throne
down. Promising to bake new heads as they were needed, th
said good-night, and as it was growing late the others said go
too and marched back to the village to repair the damage don
storm.

But in the castle itself, there was little sleep that night. King
never closed his prune eyes, for the Baker had given him no
Prince Tatters, though packed off early to bed, could do not
twist and turn and think of the wonderful adventures he wou
seeking his fortune. Mrs Sew-and-Sew sat up till the morning
over Red Mountain, mending and piecing the few poor garm

Prince possessed, and thinking up good advice to give him
breakfast.

Grampa, too, had much to occupy him, oiling his gun, pac
knapsack and polishing his sword and game leg. Many old sold
lot of talking about game legs, but Grampa had the real genuin
It buckled on at the knee and was an oblong red and white i
that opened out like a checker board when one wanted to play
neatly on the end of this was another red box that Grampa us
foot, and that contained the little red figures one used for play
game itself was known as scrum and was a great favorite in
being a bit like checkers, a bit like parcheesi and a bit like chess

Grampa was very proud of his game leg, for it not only serve
place of the one he had lost in battle, but whiled away m
hours, and being hollow was a splendid place to store his p
tobacco. The old soldier had seventy-five pipes and deciding w
these to carry with him took longer than all his other prepara
last even this important matter was settled and he lay down to

few hours' sleep before morning. And morning came in almost
the sun rising so bright and cheerily that even Mrs Sew-and-S
heart, and when Grampa stuck his head in the kitchen door to
breakfast was coming she told him how she intended to refur
entire castle when he returned with the King's head and the for

"Fine!" cried the old soldier, who was in excellent spirits
"And if you will just sew a button on this shirt I'll be ready to
once!" So while Grampa went on with the breakfast Mrs Sew-a
who was frightfully clever with her needle, sewed a button on t
That was all Grampa needed to complete his outfit, so he hu
stairs to waken the Prince, and at eight o'clock precisely the ol
and Tatters issued forth from the palace gates.

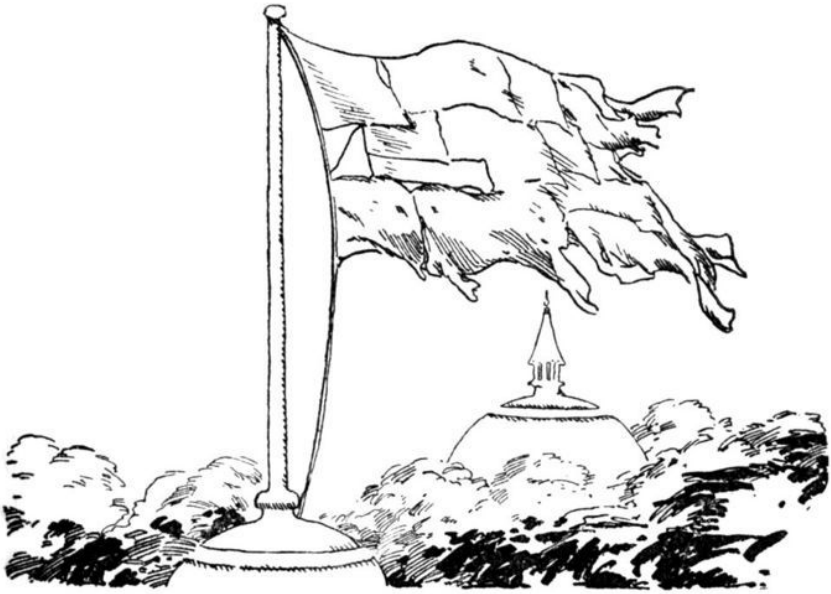
Grampa wore the red uniform of the Ragbad Guards, with it
coat and checkered trousers and carried not only his knapsack,
sword, but his trusty drum as well. Prince Tatters, over h
colored rag suit, had flung the shaggy skin of a thread bear, a
the big umbrella grasped firmly in one hand and a box of lunc

other, presented so brave and determined an appearance
twenty-seven good men of Ragbad, drawn up to bid them
burst into loud cheers. The children waved their hats and handk
and strewed the path of the two heroes with the bunches of po
ragweed they had risen at dawn to gather. Mrs Sew-and-Sew
King stood on the balcony waving their arms—she waving b
and his—for poor Fumbo, with his dough head, had no way of
what the excitement was all about and stood there without so
blinking a prune.

"Good-bye!" choked Mrs Sew-and-Sew, steadying Fumbo w
hand and fluttering her apron with the other. "Don't forg
father's head!"

"Good-bye!" shouted Pudge, leaning far out of his windo
tower to wave his red night cap. Pudge never rose till ten.

Grampa touched his cap, Prince Tatters waved his umbre
having taken the patched flag of Ragbad from Scroggles, w
accompanied them thus far, they wheeled sharply to the
marched down the broad red highway that led straight out in
and dangerous lands of Oz!



CHAPTER 3

The Blue Forest of Oz

“Grampa,” said Prince Tatters, after the two adventur marched along for a time in silence, “Pudge did not tell us w look for my father’s head, nor where to find the Princess fortune.”

“Trust a wise man for that,” replied the old soldier, striking on his game leg and lighting his pipe.

“Then where are we going Grampa?” asked the Prince, shi umbrella to his other arm and adjusting his stride to that of soldier.

“That,” puffed Grampa, “depends on the four-pence.” Stoppi he took a small coin from his pocket. On one side was the head

Fumbo and on the other the coat of arms of Ragbad. “I may
wise man,” explained Grampa, tossing the coin in his palm, “
sure your father’s head can only be restored by magic. There
two people left in Oz who are permitted to practice magic
Glinda, the good sorceress and Queen of our own Quadling cou
the other is the Wizard of Oz, who lives in the palace of Princes
ruler of all Oz.”

Tatters nodded impatiently, for he had learned all this in hi
book.

“So,” continued Grampa, “we must march either to the E
Glinda’s castle is in that direction—or to the North to the Eme
and the palace of Ozma of Oz. Which shall it be? Heads for Ozm
for Glinda!”

Up flew the four-pence and Prince Tatters, dropping on h
gave a little cry of delight—for Fumbo’s head was uppermost.

“The King has decided himself,” chuckled Grampa, pocke
coin, “so North we go to the Emerald City. We’ll be on our way
and who knows but on the way we may pick up a fortune or a
—and a couple of new pipes and some rare old Oz tobacco,”
the old soldier, half closing his eyes. These last two items
interest Prince Tatters, but the thought of visiting the Capitol
seeing Princess Ozma, the little fairy ruler, and being pres
court, sent the Prince, who had spent his whole life in the shab
kingdom of Ragbad, marching along the red highway so f
Grampa had to do double time to keep up with him.

Tatters began rehearsing all Mrs Sew-and-Sew had taught
court manners and speech and wondering whether he had bett
to Grampa about his bad habits. The old soldier had but two.
eating with his sword and the other was taking snuff, but
sidelong glance at Grampa, trudging happily at his side, th
decided to wait until they reached the Emerald City before offe
advice on etiquette. Even Tatters did not realize how long a
this would be. He knew in a general way that Oz is a grea

kingdom, divided into four large countries and many small o
that the Emerald City is in the exact center.

On the maps of Oz in the Prince's geography the southern C
country was marked in red; the country of the West, which wa
by the Munchkins, was marked in blue; the northern Gilliken co
purple; and the land of the Winkies, which lay to the East, was
yellow—for these were the national colors of the countries repr

Though Grampa and Tatters had by this time left Ragbad fa
them, they were still in the Quadling country and all the litt
and villages they passed were of cheery red brick or stone
people themselves dressed in the quaint red costume of th
Tulips, poppies and red roses nodded over the tall hedges; th
rusty with sorrel, had a reddish tinge and all along the highw
red maples arched their lacy branches. At noon they stopped u
of these maples and had a bite of the lunch Mrs Sew-and-S
prepared for them, but their pause was short for both were an
reach the Emerald City as soon as possible, to learn from the W
Oz the best way to recover Fumbo's head. To make the m
easier, the old soldier played a lively rat-tat upon his drum, and
passed through the quiet Quadling villages many heads were
out the windows to see what all the racket was about. But so
villages became farther and farther apart, and the country m
and unsettled and just as the sun slipped down behind the treet
came to the edge of a deep blue forest.

"A long march," puffed the old soldier, mopping his forehe
we're getting along, my lad, for this is the beginning of the M
country."

"Do you think it's safe?" asked Prince Tatters, peering anxio
the gloomy forest.

"Safe!" cried Grampa scornfully. "Well I hope not. Fortunes a
found in safe places my boy. Shouldn't wonder if there were
behind every tree," he continued cheerfully. "Shouldn't wonder
were a dragon or two lying in wait for us. Come on!" Thru

drum sticks through his belt and waving his sword, the old plunged recklessly into the blue forest, shouting the nationa Ragbad at the top of his lungs.

"Oh, hush," begged Prince Tatters, glancing uneasily from side and treading close upon Grampa's heels, "someone might h Oh! What's that?" For with a shrill scream a great bird had ris the branches of a tree just ahead and flown squawking into the

"That's supper!" chuckled the old soldier, and raising his gun aim and fired. There was a sharp crash as the bullet struck hor down fell a large reddish fowl.

"Well?" the fowl rasped sulkily, as Prince Tatters and Gra forward, "what am I supposed to do now? I've never been shot

"A bird that's shot is not supposed to do anything," said soldier severely.

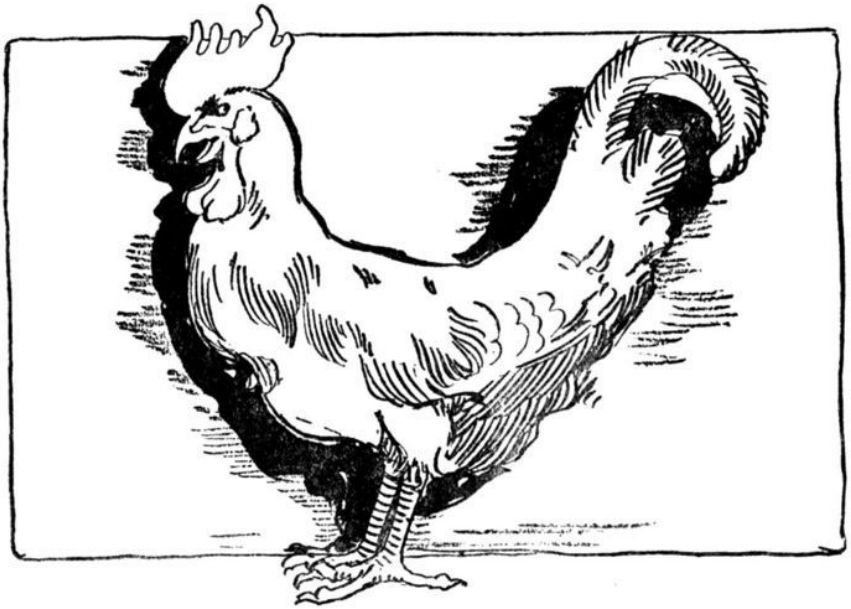
"Oh," sighed the bird, "that's easy!" and putting down its hea quietly on its side.

"It's a rooster!" exclaimed the Prince, touching it with one h iron rooster!" At this the bird sprang up indignantly.

"You may shoot me if you want, but I'll not lie here and let me names," it shrilled angrily. "Where are your eyes? Can't you a weather cock?"

"Do you suppose I'd have wasted a good bullet on you if may have an iron constitution but I don't eat cast iron birds, Grampa. "What do you mean, flying through this forest d hungry travellers?"

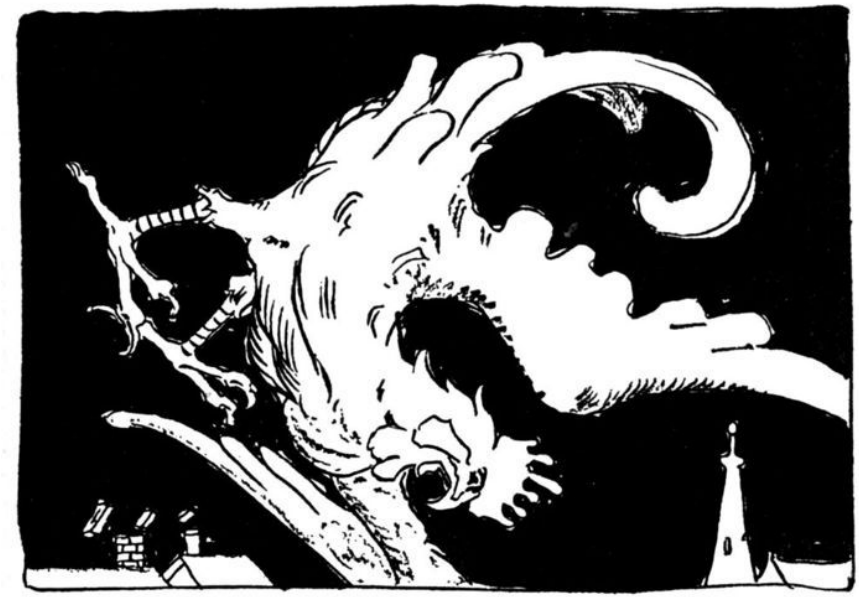
"I don't know what I mean," replied the weather cock calm I've only been alive since last night. What do you mean yourse Must everyone have a meaning like a riddle?"



Grampa stroked his whiskers thoughtfully over this remark.

"But how did you come to be alive?" asked the Prince, leanin red umbrella and regarding the bird with deep interest—for ev weather cocks usually stick to their poles.

"There was a storm," explained the cock, lifting one claw, "li thunder, wind and rain. One minute I was whirling around on of my barn and next minute I was spinning through space. Th once I came in contact with a live wire, there was a flash, I was with a strange force and to my infinite amazement I found wings would work and that I could crow. So I crew and flew and crew, till I fell exhausted in this forest."



“Humph!” grunted Grampa. “A likely story. In the first pla
are no live wires in Oz and—”

“Oz!” screeched the weather cock, “I didn’t say Oz. I was o
near Chicago when the storm broke. Have you never heard of
you odd looking, old creature?”

“Never,” answered Grampa emphatically, “but wherever yo
from, you’re in Oz now and you might as well get used to
along, Tatters. There’s nothing to be gained by arguing, it onl
me hungry.”

“But tell me,” the weather cock fluttered into the air, “what
do with my life?”

“Keep it—if you can,” chuckled the old soldier and sta
between the trees. But Tatters was loath to leave this singular b

“Let him come with us Grampa,” coaxed the Prince. “He wo
anything to eat and he might help us find the fortune.”

“Yes, do,” crowed the weather cock. “I can waken you
morning, tell you which way the wind blows and fall upon the

your enemies. Have you any enemies?" the weather coc
hopefully.

"Not yet," murmured the Prince, looking ahead into the s
—"but—"

"Shouldn't wonder if he would make a good fighter,"
Grampa, half closing his eyes. "Never saw a cock yet that wasn
Do you agree to join this company, obey all commands and g
name of Bill?"

"I'll go by the name of Bill, but what name shall I come by
the weather cock, putting its head on one side.

"The same, you iron idiot!" shouted Grampa, who was a
tempered. "Do you agree?"

"Yes," crowed the weather cock, putting up his claw, solemn

"Then forward fly," commanded the old soldier. And up int
with a rusty creak flung the weather cock and just beneath
Grampa and the Prince. As they progressed through the ever d
forest, Tatters told Bill of the great storm in Ragbad, how
seeking his father's head and his own fortune.

"Your father lost his head in the same storm I found m
wheezed the weather cock earnestly, "so it is only fair that
help you."

"Hah! We shall be helped by fair means or fowl!" chuckled
soldier, who would have his little joke—but it was lost on Bill,
already looking around for the King's head and the fortune. And
he was not quite sure what a fortune was, he felt confident
should find one. It had grown so dark by now that Grampa soo
a halt. Under a tall blue tree the little company made camp.
most helpful in collecting wood and Prince Tatters put up
umbrella, which was so large that it served them admirably fo
A little beyond the rim of the umbrella Grampa kindled a fire, a
a cozy supper of toasted sandwiches the old soldier unbuckled
and he and Prince Tatters settled down to a quiet game of scr
flew to the top of the blue tree to observe the wind and the

and nothing could have been more peaceful. The stars twinkled above, the fire crackled cheerily below and Tatters had just Grampa two games to one, when a hundred little snaps underbrush made them turn in alarm.

"Great gum drops!" gasped the old soldier, jumping to his foo

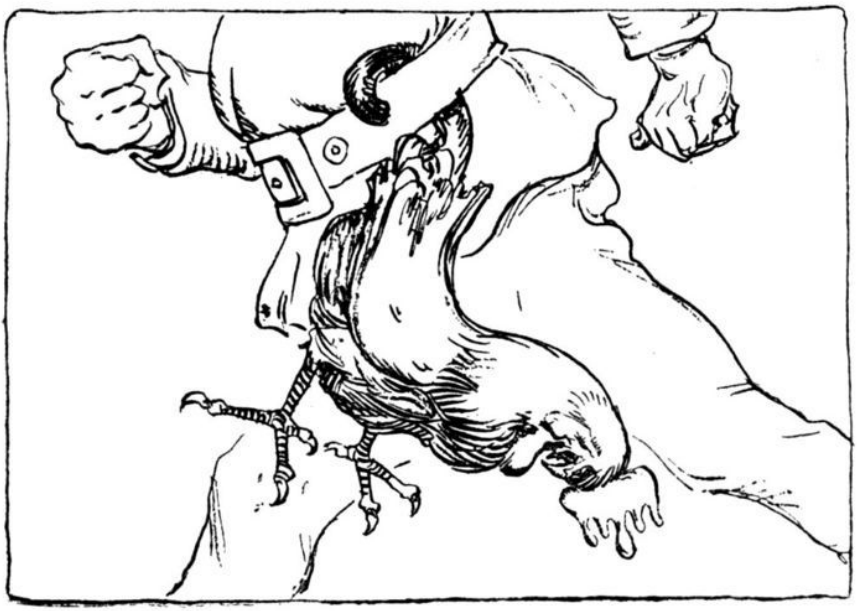
Tatters snatched up the umbrella and, using it for a shield, back away, for in the circle of the firelight and completely surr the blue tree stood a company of bandits. They were tall and with great slouch hats and blue boots. Pistols and daggers by th bristled in their belts and nothing could have been fiercer th whiskered faces and scowling brows.

For a moment no one spoke. Grampa frowned angrily an Tatters tried to look as if he was not scared. As usual, Bill was c

"Are you going to stop here and let them call you gum sneered the leader, plucking a dagger from his boot. He took o forward, then pitched on his face and lay perfectly still– weather cock, convinced that this was an enemy, had fallen ha his head. The suddenness of the blow surprised the outlaws ar they drew back in confusion Grampa leaned down, seized his leg and buckling it on as he ran, joined Prince Tatters, who by had his back against the tree.

"Go it Bill!" shouted the old soldier, laying about with h sticks.

"Here I go by the name of Bill!" screeched the excited weath rising into the air again. "Here I come by the name of Bill. S you blue monster!" And down went a second bandit. This enra others, and though Prince Tatters poked away valiantly with umbrella, and Grampa knocked out three of the outlaws with h sticks and Bill fell upon the heads of two more, they were ho outnumbered. In a minute more they were overpowered, bou heavy ropes and dragged through the forest to the bandits' can the weather cock swung head down from the belt of one of the



CHAPTER 4

The Baffled Bandits

"I'm so disappointed I could cry," blubbered the robber chief out his red handkerchief. "Shake them again Skally, shake them Before him on the ground lay the few possessions of Gran Tatters—an old silver watch, the four-pence, a rusty pen knife copper medals. The chief had recovered from the terrible blo cast iron weather cock, but had a large black lump over one who insisted on crowing in a dozen different keys, had been m the bandit's cloak and put under a rock.

"I told you they were a poor lot," sniffed Skally, but neverth seized first Grampa and then Tatters and shook them violentl heels. This he could easily do, being eight feet tall and exc muscular. Two red gum drops rolled out of Grampa's pocket,

was all.

"And they're not even frightened," complained the ban grieved voice, as Skally set the two roughly on their feet.

"Frightened!" puffed Grampa indignantly. (After the two shakings he had only breath enough to puff.) "You didn't think of bush-whacking bandits like you could frighten an old soldier and a young Prince like Tatters, did you?"

"Prince!" gasped the bandit, blinking at Tatters through the s the wood fire, while the rest of the outlaws began to slap the and roar with merriment.

"Yes, Prince," shrilled Grampa, "and don't make faces at ugly villain."

"Well!" roared the chief, after another long look at Tatters, be a Prince to his mother, but he's a pain in the eye to me!"

"Then shut your eyes," advised Grampa promptly. "I'd do it if I were not tied up. In a fair fight I'd beat you any day."

"We've taken everything they have. Shall we hang them or go?" asked Skally in a bored voice.

"No you haven't," screamed Grampa defiantly. "No you Take my picture you scoundrel! Take my rheumatism! Take m and clear out of this forest before I report you to the Princess of

Even Prince Tatters, who really was frightened at th appearance of the bandit, had to laugh a little at the s expression on the chief's face as the old soldier continued to sta scold. And the more Grampa scolded the more cheerful the became.

"He reminds me of my old father," he remarked in an a undertone to Skally.

"Does your old father know you're a bandit?" shouted sternly, "holding up honest adventurers and getting your li breaking the law?"

"Father always told me to take things easy," replied th

popping one of Grampa's gum drops into his mouth. "'Vaga,' h
me over and over again, 'always take things easy, my boy,' a
grinned the robber wickedly. "But business is mighty slow in th
lately. Kings and Princes are getting poorer and poorer every d
at him!" He waved scornfully at Tatters. "Not worth a shoe bu
the whole week it has been the same story. All we got to-da
wizard, but he was as false as his whiskers—couldn't even
leaves to gold or sticks to precious stones. All he had with hi
bottle of patent medicine. Now medicine," yawned Vaga, touch
his boot a long green bottle that lay with a heap of rubbish
fire, "is something I never take."

"But I thought wizards were not allowed to practice magic
put in Tatters, surprised into speech by the bandit's last statem
against the law isn't it?"

"So are bandits!" roared Yaga. "But I'm here just the same,
taking things easy, and when I've saved up enough I'm going
an Inn and take things easier still."

"Another way to rob honest travellers," groaned the old sold
now, as you've taken our four-pence and our time, untie thes
and we'll return to our camp."

"Let him tell his story," suggested Skally, "it might entertai
they certainly owe us something for all this trouble."

"No, I've decided to make outlaws of them," announced Yaga
"The old one is a fine fighter and can be a father to me; the yo
would frighten anybody; as for the cast iron bird it can be m
into bullets."

"What shall we do now?" whispered Tatters, seizing Gramp
The old soldier winked encouragingly.

"Not bad at all," he murmured aloud, as if he were half pl
the idea of being a bandit. "Plenty of fighting and it's as good
any to make a fortune. Swear us in Mr Vagabandit, swear u
son!"

The bandit chief was surprised and overjoyed at Grampa's c

heart. He immediately ordered Skally to untie the captives. E given a black mask and a dagger and, having raised their ha solemnly agreed to break every law in Oz, they were welcom cheers and shouts into the outlaw band. After the excitement l down, they all gathered about the fire and Grampa told t history of Ragbad, how he had got his game leg and of t hundred and eighty great battles he had fought in. The bandits attentively at first, but the old soldier's recital was so lo presently one and then another of the bandits fell asleep, an time Grampa had reached the nine hundredth battle th company lay sprawled about the fire, snoring like good fellows of bad ones. Prince Tatters, his head on the skin of the old thre was asleep too.

"More ways than one of winning a battle," chuckled the old smiling behind his whiskers. First, he recovered his watch, me the four-pence. They were still on the ground beside Vaga. Pr from the robber's pocket was a rough blue pouch. Very care old soldier drew it out. "This will pay for the shakings," said stowing it away in his game leg. "I'll sample the scoundrel's when we're well out of this." As he straightened up the lon bottle of patent medicine caught his eye. "I'll take this along muttered, sticking it in his pocket. "Maybe it will h rheumatism."

The fire had died down and it was so dark and forbidding in forest that Grampa decided to snatch a few hours' rest before an escape. Stretching unconcernedly beside long-legged Skall into a deep and peaceful slumber. And so well trained was campaigner that in two hours, exactly, he awoke. The sun had risen, but in the dim grey light of early morning Grampa cou out the forms of the sleeping bandits. Stepping softly, so a waken them, he touched Tatters on the shoulder. The Prince st in alarm, but when Grampa, with fingers to his lips, motioned to come he seized his red umbrella and tip-toed after him.

“Have I lived to this age to be an old father to a bandit? Grampa indignantly as they hurried along. He shook his fist shoulder. “Farther and farther away is what I’ll be.” Grampa la little at his joke. “But we can’t go without Bill,” he muttered s as they passed the rock under which the robbers had thrust th weather cock. With some difficulty they lifted off the rock a whispering strict orders for silence, unwound Bill from the coats and cloaks. Then Tatters, fearing the creak of Bill’s wing arouse the bandits, stuck him under one arm.

“Wish I knew where they kept their supplies,” whispered soldier as they pushed on through the heavy underbrush ar their way around gnarled old trees. “My teeth need some exerci

“What a dreadful lot of crows there are in this forest,” m Prince, who had scarcely heard Grampa’s last remark. “Why are black with them!”

“Well, do you expect me to eat crow?” sniffed the old soldier his sword to disperse a flock of the birds that were circling ar head.

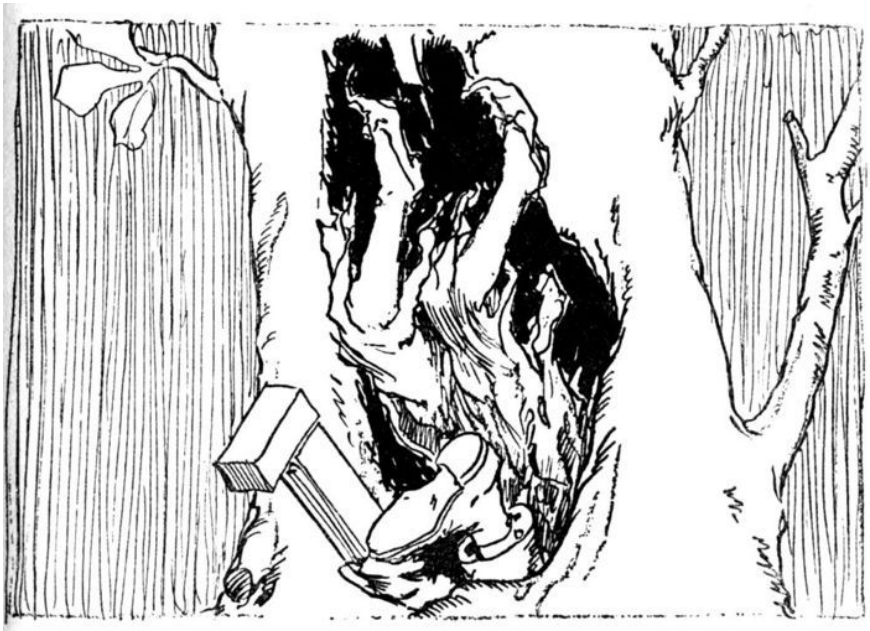
“No, but—” Tatters got no further, for at that instant crow entirely different nature made them both leap into the air. The risen and as the first rays penetrated into the dim forest Bill fle Tatters’ arms and, perching on a low branch, burst into such clamor of cock-a-doodle-doos that the whole forest rang with it.

“Hush! Halt! Stop that alarm!” gasped Grampa. “Now, you it!”

“Oh, Bill, how could you!” groaned the Prince. Snatching off of the thread bear, he flung it over the iron weather cock and him unceremoniously began to run after Grampa. They had alr a goodly distance between themselves and the bandits, bu minutes after Bill’s crowing shots came echoing through the w the next instant they could hear the outlaws crashing thro brush. They sounded like a herd of elephants.

“We’ll have to hide,” panted the old soldier. “Here, crawl

hollow tree." Without a moment's hesitation, Grampa dove into
himself and Tatters, taking a firmer hold on Bill and the red u
followed.



"Is there room?" gasped the Prince. "Grampa, are you the
Grampa was not there. Neither, for that matter, was Tatters hin
his feet instead of resting on earth, rested on nothing. A gre
whistled past his ears and blew his hair straight on end.

"The temperature's falling!" The voice of the weather co
stuffily through the bear skin.

"Everything's falling!" gasped the Prince of Ragbad, hugging
the red umbrella close to his chest. "Everything!"

You can easily understand what had happened. There was *n*
to the hollow tree. When Grampa, Prince Tatters and Bill craw
the hole, they simply disappeared. They dropped—down—
down!

CHAPTER 5

Down the Hollow Tree

Now falling, when you first start, is a hair-raising business, you have fallen for a mile and twenty minutes and nothing happens you grow rather used to the feel of it. And that's ho with Tatters.

"Bill," he shouted presently—he had to shout for the rus carried away his words as fast as they were spoken—"Bill, w you suppose we're falling to?"

"South by West," crowed the weather cock promptly. Th would have liked to continue the conversation, but it took t breath, so he began planning how he should land without Grampa, for certainly Grampa was somewhere below. sorrowfully he reflected that they were falling farther away

Emerald City every minute. He wondered where his father's h and what Mrs Sew-and-Sew would think if she could see them t down this hollow tree. Would it never grow lighter? Would th reach the bottom and what would happen when they did? Ju came to this point in his wonderings, Tatters dropped into a pink bushes so hard that for several seconds he could do not gasp.

"Well," crowed Bill, beginning to flutter restlessly about in t skin, "are we here?"

"Yes, thanks to you. You're discharged!" roared the old so Prince Tatters picked up himself and his red umbrella. Gran been less fortunate in his landing. He sat in the middle of a cinc blinking rapidly, and as Bill scrambled out of the bear-skin and after Tatters, he raised his gun threateningly.

"You're discharged without pay," repeated Grampa angrily do you mean by crowing and betraying us to the enemy?"

"I couldn't help it," answered Bill in an injured tone. "It is th of a cock to crow and I've helped the sun to rise."

"And us to fall," scolded Grampa. "Well, you're discharged!" over with a groan, he drew the bottle of patent medicine pocket. Fortunately it was not broken, but it had made a dread in Grampa.

"But wherever in Oz are we?" exclaimed Prince Tatters, t change the subject, for he did not intend to have Bill sent of hasty fashion. The old soldier pretended not to hear and cont stare resentfully at the bottle of medicine. On one side was green label and Tatters looking over his shoulder read, wi surprise:

Sure cure for everything.
Follow the directions on the bottle.

Beneath in tiny printing was a long list of ailments. Grampa finger hastily down the list until he came to breaks, sprains and

“One spoon-full immediately after falling,” directed the bottle.

Without a word, Grampa took a tin spoon from his k uncorked the bottle and swallowed the dose.

“Why, it’s the wizard’s medicine!” cried Tatters, watch anxiously, for no sooner was the stuff down than a bro overspread Grampa’s face. “Good thing I brought it along—w like magic—never know I’d fallen,” puffed Grampa, completely to good humor. “Better have some, boys.” The old soldier smil companions.

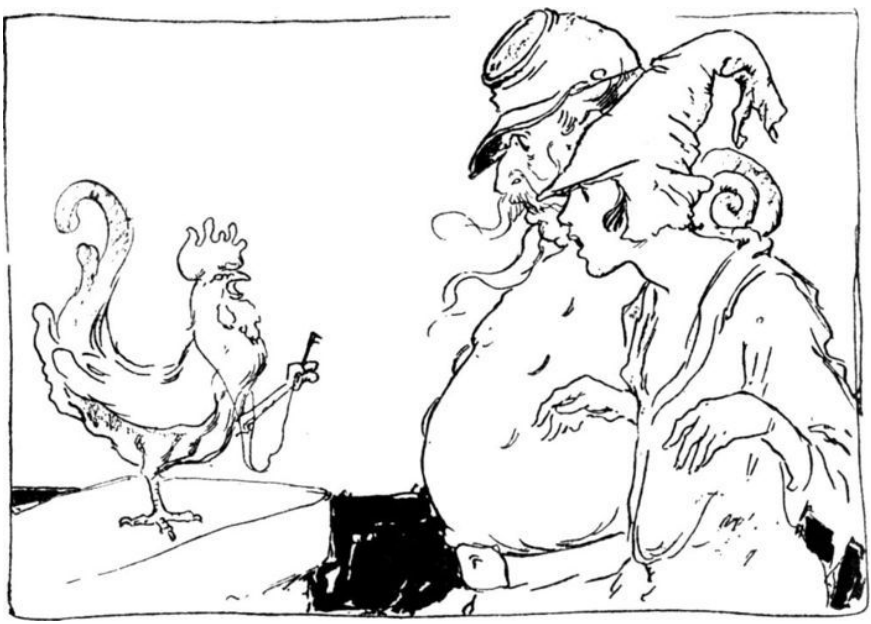
Tatters, who was not hurt at all, shook his head and Bill, flown into the air to examine the bottle, shook his wings.

“Well—good-bye!” wheezed the weather cock hoarsely. “Y need me to direct you now—you can follow the direction bottle. Here I go,” he finished sulkily, “here I go by the name of

“Don’t go,” begged Tatters, looking pleadingly at the old Now Grampa, remembering the splendid way Bill had fallen bandits, had already relented, but he never apologized.

“Company fall in!” he commanded gruffly, putting the
medicine in his pocket. Tatters winked at Bill and Bill, m
something about having fallen in already, began to march d
cinder path. They had dropped into a small park surrounded by
that grew up as high as they could see. A soft glow shone thr
hedge and by its rosy light the three adventurers began to
their surroundings with great interest. The park itself wa
enough, but after marching entirely around it and finding no
the hedge, Grampa looked rather worried.

“It’s a good enough place for a picnic,” puffed the old
dusting his game leg, “but then we’re not on a picnic!”



“No,” sighed Tatters, sinking down on a bench, “we’re n
picnic, for there’s nothing to eat.”

“If you were made of iron like I am you would never be
crowed the weather cock, proudly. “I am glad I am cast in i
what shall we do now, Mr Grampa?”

“Fly up and see how high the hedge is,” directed the old

“while Tatters and I try to cut an opening.” Pleased to be service, Bill hurled himself upward, and Grampa with his sw Tatters with his rusty pen knife began hacking at the hedge. Bu as they cut away the twigs, others grew and after ten minu work they gave up in despair. Then down came Bill w discouraging news that he had flown as high as he could, and th the hedge was still nowhere in sight. “But the wind is blowing finished the weather cock calmly.

“Bother the wind!” sputtered Grampa.

“Must we stay here till we starve,” groaned Tatters, “and ne my father’s head or the fortune at all?”

“Fortune,” repeated Bill, putting his head on one side as if t brought something to his mind. “Don’t worry about that, fo already found the fortune.” And while Grampa and the Prince him in amazement, he touched with his claw a tiny golden ke suspended on a thin chain round his neck and neither of th noticed it before.

“Why, where did you get that?” asked Tatters.

“I picked it out of the robber chief’s pocket,” explained Bil his eyes from one to the other.

“You’d make a fine bandit,” chuckled Grampa, “but that fortune, old fellow!”

“Then what *is* a fortune?” asked Bill, looking terribly disappo

Grampa pulled his whiskers thoughtfully, for a fortune, w come right down to it, is hard to explain.

“Well,” he began slowly, “it might be gold, or jewels, Anything precious and rare,” he finished hastily.

“Isn’t this gold?” demanded Bill, holding up the key.

“Oh, Grampa, maybe it’s the key to the bandit’s treasure interrupted Tatters excitedly. “Let’s go back and hunt for it.”

“And how are you going?” inquired the old soldier sarc “Falling down trees is easy enough, but you can’t fall up trees

can fall up steps. However," he added quickly, seeing Tatters' d face, "there must be some way out. Let's look again."

"I'm going to keep this key," mused Tatters in a more cheerf "for I believe it will help us." He gave Bill a little pat on the he took the chain off his neck, and somewhat comforted, but still puzzled, the iron weather cock hopped after Grampa. This ti circled the hedge more slowly, the old soldier taking one s Tatters and Bill the other. It was Bill who made the discov shining through the leaves on the left side the weather cock ca gleam of gold!

"The fortune!" he crowed loudly. "The fortune!"

It was not a fortune, but a golden gate, and pushing aside th and twigs Grampa and Tatters stared through the bars into the garden they had ever seen. The gate was unlocked, and when pressed upon it with his shoulder it swung noiselessly inwar holding his breath, Tatters stepped in after the old soldier, and just time to hop through before the gate swung shut again. gave a low whistle and Tatters an involuntary cry of adm Flowering vines and bushes filled the air with a delicate fr paths of silvery sand wound in and out among the trees and crystal fountains splashed between the flower beds; and border path and grass grown lane were trees glowing with magic lanterns that bloomed as gaily as the blossoms themselves and up the garden with a hundred rainbow sheens.

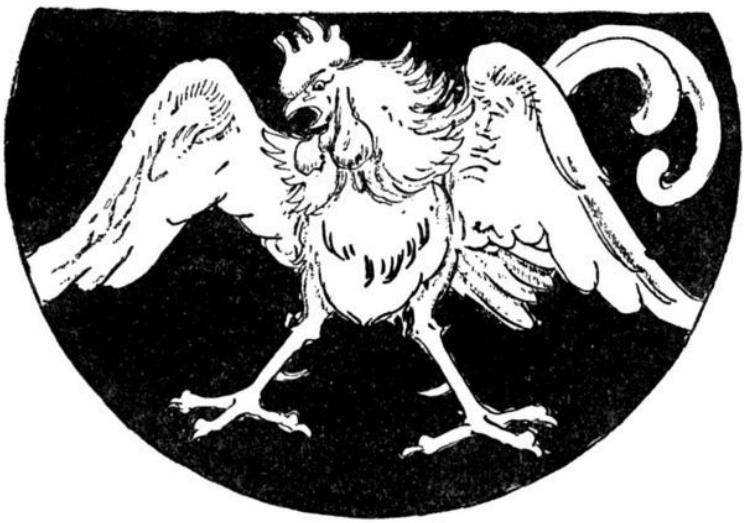
It was all so strange and beautiful that Tatters and Grampa dared breath but Bill, having been alive only two days, seemed magic gardens quite usual affairs.

"Come on," he called excitedly, "let's find the fortune!" But
sign on the nearest magic tree had caught Tatters' eye and, pa
attention to Bill, he tip-toed over to it.

"This is the Garden of Gorba," announced the sign. "Mys
magic in all its branches."

Grampa had come up behind Tatters. "Gorba," muttered
soldier softly. "Now where?" He pulled the bottle of patent r
from his pocket and squinted first at the sign and then at th
"The same!" puffed Grampa, for written in gold letters at the en
list of ailments was the name Gorba.

"This must be the garden of the wizard that rascally bar
telling us about," muttered Grampa uneasily. "He must have
his way here when they held him up. Maybe he's here now! B
careful! Watch out now! I wouldn't trust a wizard as far as
swing a chimney by the smoke!"



CHAPTER 6

The Wizard's Garden

"Maybe he will tell me where to find my father's head," w
Tatters excitedly.

"Well," admitted Grampa, starting cautiously down one of t
paths, "that would be a good turn, but a wizard's more likely t
to good gate posts or caterpillars."

"I refuse to be a caterpillar," rasped the weather cock. He h
down and was hopping close to Grampa's heels. "I'll give him a
the eye!"

Rattling his iron wings, Bill looked around anxiously.

"Well, don't forget you're under orders," snapped Grampa
"No forward falling, crowing or pecking till I give th
understand?"

"I don't believe he's a bad wizard," observed the Prince qui

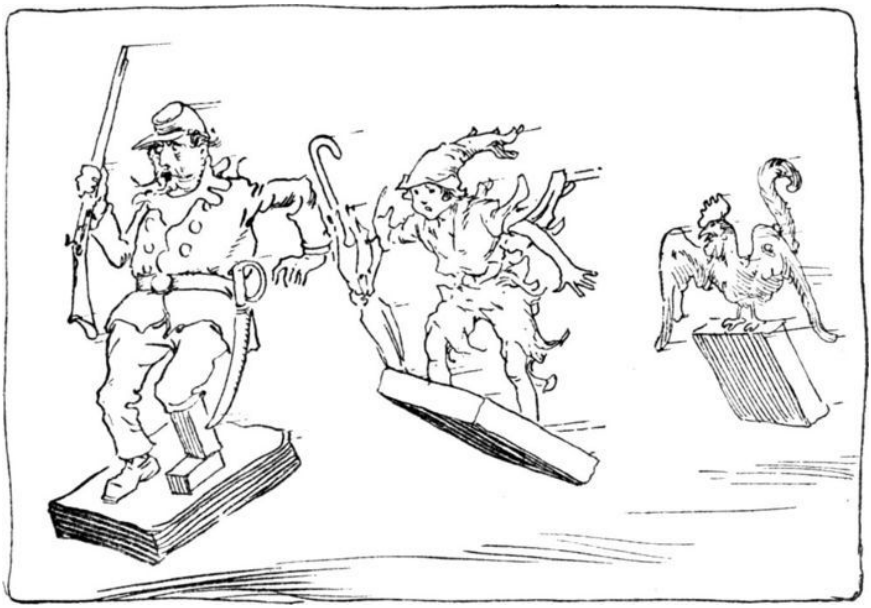
garden is too pretty."

"Pretty is as pretty does," sniffed Grampa. "He's practising which is against the law, and you can't get around that, besides here Grampa trod upon a small flagstone path that led across stretch of lawn and never finished his sentence at all, for the st a foot into the air and started bouncing across the green at suc the old soldier teetered backward and forward and did a reg dance to keep his balance.

"Wait!" shouted Tatters in alarm, and running after Grampa stepped upon one of the lively flag stones. Up rose the stone next thing the Prince of Ragbad was bouncing after the old waving his red umbrella and calling frantically for Bill. But already aboard the third stone, and before any of them ha enough to jump, the stones bounced straight under a silver f dumped off their three startled passengers and went skipping their places in the walk.

"Variable winds and heavy showers," crowed Bill dismally.

"Scraps and scribbage!" sputtered the old soldier. "I told wizard was a villain. Company fall out!" he commanded gruf the company lost no time in doing.



"Oh, well," laughed Tatters, rolling from under the drenchin "it saves us the trouble of washing our faces. But what made th Grampa?" Grampa gave himself an angry shake and marche over to the flagstone path. Carved neatly on the last stone we words:

Gorba's Stepping Stones,
Guaranteed for seven centuries.

Stand on the right foot to go East, on the left to go Wes Stand on both feet to go South. To go North stand on you head.

"Well, North's the way we want to go!" cried Tatters ea Grampa finished reading. "Maybe they'll carry us all the Emerald City."

"Not me!" snorted the old soldier, taking a pinch of snuff. "S your head if you like, but I'm going to travel right side up or n Do you want to break your neck?" he demanded indignantly.

“It would be a little rough,” admitted Tatters, remembering
the stones had bumped, “but it’s pretty good magic just the
Grampa grunted contemptuously and tightened the fastening
game leg, but even the old soldier could not stay cross long
enchanting garden, and when a moment later they happened
cluster of peach trees he grew quite cheerful again.

“Always did like peaches for breakfast,” he sighed, impaling
his sword. Twirling the sword and taking little bites all ro
looked with half closed eyes down the long vistas of lantern
wish Mrs Sew-and-Sew could see this,” sighed the old soldier p
Tatters nodded, but he was impatient to see more of the
garden, so filling his pocket with peaches, he ran down the n
of the lanes after Bill, who had already flown ahead to have
look for the fortune. Opening out from this lane was a sma
enclosed garden filled with the strangest bushes Tatters ever h
Each one grew in the shape of an animal. There were bears
lions, elephants and deer and the eyes, noses and mouths were
by blossoms of the proper size and shape, that grew cunnin
where they were needed. They looked so life-like that for a mo
Prince was frightened, but after he had prodded a lion bush
umbrella and it neither roared nor lashed its green tail he pr
from one to the other quite as if he were in a museum. And
Gorba’s animals were queer enough to grace any museum.

“Wonder how he makes ’em grow this way?” murmured
finishing his last peach.

“Might as well wonder how he happens to be a wizard,”
Grampa, who had come up quietly behind him. “Why, this
than a zoo, it’s a whole blooming menagerie, and if we knew th
of it we could travel all over Oz growing deer and rabbit bush
castle gardens and your fortune would be made in no time. B
don’t know the secret of it,” concluded Grampa, squinting at
silver watch, “we’d better forward march and see if we can fin
out of here.” With many backward glances, Tatters followed hi

another of the lantern lanes, but they had scarcely gone half w
the hoarse voice of the weather cock came screeching overhead

"The Princess! The Princess! I have found the Princess!" cro
falling with an iron clang in the path before them.

"Be quiet," warned the old soldier anxiously, "do you w
wizard to get you? Now then, what's all this nonsense
Princess?" Grampa winked at Tatters and Tatters winked b
neither of them had much faith in Bill's discoveries. But the
cock was too excited to mind. Hopping stiffly ahead and pausi
few seconds to urge them forward with a wave of his wing, he
to the very center of the enchanted garden. There, on a bed o
moss, surrounded by a rose blown hedge, lay the loveliest little
you could ever imagine!

"The Princess," repeated Bill huskily. "The Princess!"

"You're wrong," breathed the old soldier, pushing back his
tip-toeing forward, "you're wrong. It's the Queen of the May!
surely seemed that Grampa had guessed correctly, for Bill's
was a little Lady of Flowers. Her face, hands and neck wer
tiniest white blossoms, her eyes, deep blue violets, her mout
bud and her nose and brows delicately marked with pink ste
hair, blowing backward and forward in the fragrant breeze,
finest spray of flowering fern, and her dress was most enchanti
The waist was of every soft, silken flower you could think of,
all the way down the front with pansies, while her skirts—
cluster of blossoming vines—fluttered gaily about her tiny lady

"Why!" exclaimed the Prince of Ragbad, "she's growing in th
bed. Oh, Grampa, if she were only alive!"

"I wish she were myself," sighed the old soldier. "This wiza
know a deal of magic to grow a little fairy like that. Mind wha
about there," he called sharply to Bill. The weather cock ha
over the hedge and was hopping so close to the flower girl
Grampa nervous.

“But look!” crowed Bill. “Looky look!” Under the hed padlocked to a small iron ring in the ground was a gold waterin did not take Grampa and Tatters long to leap over the hedge a for as the old soldier said himself, the wizard was doubtless aw was their plain duty to see that this little flower maid had a fr spray before they left the garden. First Tatters tried to wrench loose. The golden chain on the padlock was so slender it sho broken at the first tug, but it held like iron. Then Grampa hand, but with no better luck; next both Grampa and Tatter together, Bill doing his bit by jerking out the Prince’s coat-tails.

“More magic!” panted Grampa, sucking his thumb. “The onl get it loose is to find the key.”

“The key,” shrilled Tatters, suddenly diving into his pocket. wonder if this is the key?” Jubilantly he produced the tiny gold had taken from the bandit and the next instant he had fitted padlock.

“Vaga must have stolen that from the wizard when he t
medicine,” mused Grampa, “and that wizard’s mighty particu
his old gold can.” He sniffed scornfully as Tatters slid it from i
“Here, I’ll fill it at the fountain.”

“But it’s already full,” answered the Prince of Ragbad, giv
little shake.

Running over to the mossy bed, he tilted the gold can forw
sprayed the little flower lady from top to toe. Stars! No sooner
last drop fallen than a perfectly amazing thing happened—so
that Grampa and Tatters clutched each other to keep from t
over backwards and Bill flew screaming into the nearest tree.
little flower maiden slowly and gracefully rose from her bed,
moment on tip-toe and then, with a merry little laugh, bounded
Grampa and Tatters and seized their hands. Next thing th
whirling round and round in the jolliest fashion imaginable, fa
faster and faster, till everything grew blurred and all three
down in a heap.

“Oh, forget-me-nots—isn’t that fun!” trilled the little flow
jumping lightly to her feet. “Oh, I’ve wanted to do that always!”

“Who—who are you?” gasped Tatters, for Grampa, betwee
breath and astonishment, was perfectly speechless.

“Why, just my own self,” smiled the little creature, flinging
feathery hair.

“How do you blow? How do you blow?” shrieked Bill, fall
heap beside her.

“He means how do you do,” puffed Grampa, laughing in
himself. “You’ll have to excuse him for he’s a weather cock and
talking to Augusta.” Then as the little maiden still seemed
Grampa finished his sentence. “Augusta Wind,” chuckled
soldier, with a wink that made them all laugh except B
continued to regard the flower girl intently.

“Are you a Princess?” asked Bill, with his head anxiously
side.

“No,” mused the little girl slowly, “I don’t think I’m a Prince me—see. Oh, I remember now the old wizard telling the birds r was Urtha, because I’m made of earth!”

“Go along with you then,” snapped Bill crossly. “We’re look Princess.”

“Don’t mind him,” begged Tatters jumping up hastily.

“Tell us about yourself, Miss Posy,” cried Grampa, straighte cap and feeling his game leg slyly. In the dance it had completely around. “I declare you’re the loveliest little lady I’v all my travels.”

The roses in Urtha’s cheeks seemed to grow pinker at C words.

“There isn’t much to tell,” she began softly. “I don’t remember anything but this garden. I guess I just grew,” she with a little bounce that sent her skirts flying out in every direc

“And whatever was in that gold watering can brought you believe you’re a fairy,” said the old soldier solemnly.

“No! No!” laughed the little flower girl, seizing a long traili “I’m just Urtha.” And using the vine as a skipping rope she fla and down the silver paths so swiftly that it made Tatters and blink just to follow her dancing steps.

“What are you going to do now that you are alive?” asked T she paused for a moment beside him.

“Just going to be happy in this garden,” replied Urtha with shake of her lovely fern hair.

“I wish we could stay too,” sighed Tatters, for he could thi end of games he could teach Urtha, and even the Emerald reflected, could not be lovelier than this enchanted garden. gave a start at Tatters’ words and, suddenly recalled to h gathered up his gun and knapsack.

“It’s been a pleasure to know you, my dear,” said Grampa g taking off his cap, “but we’ll have to be marching on now, for

long journey before us."

"Oh!" Urtha gave a little cry of dismay. "Didn't you grow garden too?" Grampa shook his head and as quickly as he co her how King Fumbo had lost his head and how he and Tatters out to seek it and the Prince's fortune. Urtha was almost a puzzled over a fortune as Bill. Indeed, the whole of Grampa's s confusing—for you see it was the first story the little flower ma ever heard. But Prince Tatters and the old soldier interes tremendously. She touched Grampa's medals shyly and co admire Tatters' patched and many colored suit enough. As for blew him so many kisses that the embarrassed weather cock f hid himself in an oleander bush. Saying good-bye to dear litt was a difficult business, but at last Grampa, with a very det expression, shouldered his gun and Tatters reluctantly picked up umbrella.

"Come on!" shouted Bill, impatiently sticking his head ou bush. "Come on, or we'll never find the head, the fortune Princess." As Urtha had not turned out a Princess he had interest in her.

"But I'll miss you," sighed Urtha, and drooped so sadly again that Tatters promptly fell out of line and began to comfort her.

"You won't miss us," said Grampa, looking uneasily at hi "you can't miss people you've just met, you know." The old sol faced with a problem the like of which he had never encountered, and he was plainly at a loss to know what to do.

"I've known you longer than anyone else. I've known you m life," sighed Urtha wistfully.

"But you've only been alive five minutes," smiled the old indulgently.

"Why don't you join the army like I did?" inquired Bill, w anxious to be off.

"Oh, couldn't she?" begged Tatters eagerly. Grampa shifted and looked uncertainly at the little flower maiden. She seemed

and delicate to set out on a journey of adventure. “But,” refle
old soldier, “if she’s a fairy nothing can harm her and if sh
someone ought to look out for her. As we brought her to li
responsible.”

“Come along with you,” cried Grampa recklessly. So away
the wizard’s garden marched this strange little army, the patc
of Ragbad fluttering from the top of Tatters’ red umbrella and
flower maiden falling out of line every few minutes to dan
round a tree or skip merrily through a fountain.

She fairly seemed to float above the flowers that blossome
the way, as her dainty feet slipped from daisy to daisy. Prince
could hardly keep his eyes away from Urtha as she danced a
way. And Grampa smiled happily at the delight of the two happ
people.

CHAPTER 7

The Winding Stairway

It was twilight in the wizard's garden. All the lanterns bur
and the birds twittered drowsily in the tree tops. Grampa and
sat wearily upon a golden bench—for after a whole day's ma
were no nearer the Emerald City than before. Indeed, there se
way out of the enchanted garden. They had lunched satisfact
the fruit of a bread and butter bush, and Grampa's knapsack wa
nicely spread slices, but for all that each one of them felt t
downhearted.

Urtha, on the contrary, was as fresh and merry as in the
and, seated under a willow tree, was weaving a daisy chain for

"She is certainly a fairy," mused Grampa and absently p

blossom from a near-by bush he popped it into his mouth. “W
her back to Ragbad, my boy, and won’t she liven up the old cas
you, now—” Suddenly Grampa stopped speaking and clapped
to his belt. His eyes grew rounder and rounder and Tatters, tu
see why he did not finish his sentence, gave a little scream of fr

“Help!” called the Prince of Ragbad in an agonized voice
Help!” Urtha was beside him in an instant, while Bill circle
overhead.

“He’s growing,” breathed the little flower maid softly.

“Yes,” groaned Tatters distractedly, “he’s growing a chimne
Tatters was quite right. Not only was the old soldier gr
chimney, but a bay window as well. The chimney had knocke
cap and grown brick by brick as the horrified Prince looked on.
window, of fancy wood-work and glass, jutted out at least th
beyond Grampa’s waist line. (The old soldier had always been
his slim figure.)

“Give me my pipe,” panted Grampa in a choked voice. He
idea what was happening, but felt too terribly dreadful fo
Tatters sank on one knee, snatched the pipe from its place in l
leg and lit it with trembling fingers. Then it was that he caught
the sign on the bush beside Grampa. “House plants,” said
distinctly.

“Oh!” wailed the Prince, suddenly remembering that Gra
eaten one of the blossoms, “you’ve eaten a house plant and
chimney sticking out of your head.”

“There *is*!” roared Grampa, puffing away at his pipe
agitation. “Well, that’s what comes of this pesky magic. A cl
Well, I’ll try to bear it like a soldier,” he finished grimly. A
cloud of smoke rose from the chimney at these valiant wo
overcome for speech, Tatters covered his face.

“Don’t you care!” cried Urtha, flinging her arms ’round
neck. “It’s a sweet little chimney, and *so* becoming!”

“The wind is blowing North,” crowed Bill, disconsolately f

the direction of the smoke as it curled up Grampa's chimney. this wizard I'll fall on his head. I'll give him a peck in the pecks, but say!" Bill paused in his circling and swooped down old soldier. "How about the medicine?" Grampa and Tat forgotten all about the wizard's green bottle, but at Bill's word soldier drew it quickly from his pocket.

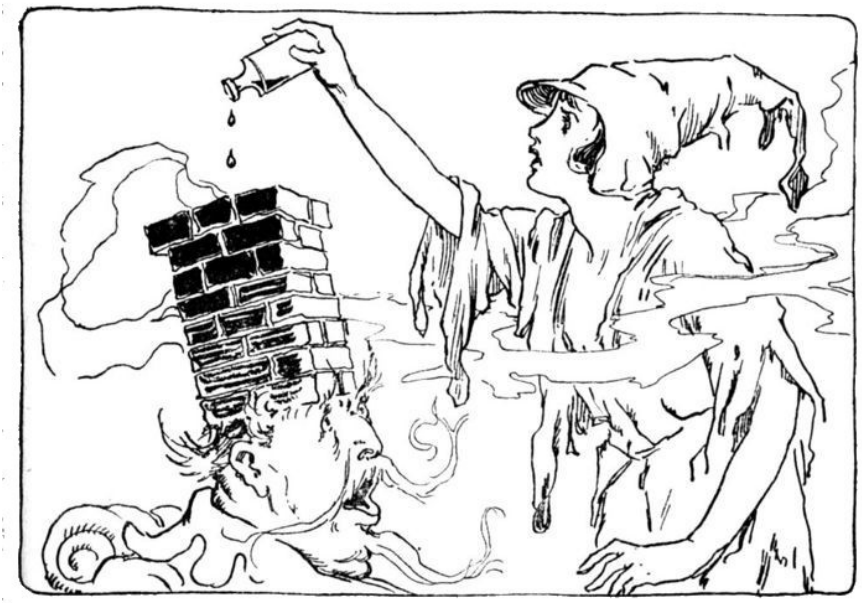
"I don't believe there's any cure for chimneys," puffed running his finger anxiously down the list. He was so nervous hands shook. To tell the truth he expected to grow a flight of s veranda any minute.

"Here, let me look," begged Tatters, snatching the bot Grampa. But though there was everything on the green label ache to lumbago, no mention was made of chimneys or bay wi all.

"But it says 'cure for everything,'" insisted Bill, perching st on Grampa's shoulder.

"This is worse than a battle!" moaned Grampa, rolling up "I'm poisoned, that's what I am."

"Poisoned!" cried Bill triumphantly. "Then find the cure for Hurriedly Tatters consulted the label. "For poison of any nat drops on the head," directed the bottle. So while Urtha watched nervously, Tatters uncorked the bottle and let two dro magic liquid fall down Grampa's chimney. There was a sligh Tatters rubbed his eyes and Bill gave a crow of delight. The had melted and the bay window was gone and the gallant ol quite himself again. Urtha was so happy that she danced all round the golden bench and Grampa jumped up and ran to himself in a little pond.



"No worse for it," mused the old soldier, stroking the top of
tenderly and patting his belt with great satisfaction, "but that's
bite I'll take in this garden." As Grampa turned to go, a par
bright little flower bed caught his attention. The flowers gr
before his eyes, dropped off their stems and were imm
succeeded by other ones. Even in the dim lantern light the ol
could see that they were spelling out messages.

"Gorba will return to the garden at twelve o'clock
announcement bloomed gaily in red tulips, and while the ol
was still staring at it in astonishment, the tulips faded a
another sentence formed in the bed:

Who stays all night shall leave here never,
He'll be a lantern tree forever!

In yellow daffodils, the sentence danced before Grampa's
life sentence!" panted the old soldier wildly, and without wa
more he plunged across the garden.

"Tatters! Bill! Urtha!" shouted Grampa, his own voice hoa

excitement. “The wizard’s coming back and we’ve got to get ou
garden or be lantern trees forever!”

“Forever!” gasped the Prince of Ragbad, who had scarcely re
from the chimney business. As fast as he could, Grampa tol
flower messages, and when they hurried back to the bed,
sentence had already grown there.

“Good-night,” said the pansies politely, then fluttering
stems, blew like gay little butterflies across the lawn.

“*Good* night!” choked Grampa bitterly. “It’s the worst nigh
heard of. I won’t be rooted to the spot, nor a tree for any old
wizzing. Come on! Company ’tenshun!”

“Here I come by the name of Bill,” crowed the weather cock
into the air.

“But what are we coming to?” panted Tatters, shouldering
umbrella dutifully, while Urtha kept anxiously beside him.

“We’re going back to those stepping stones,” puffed
stumping along determinedly. The lanterns winked lower an
and soon it was so dark and shadowy they lost the path
Smothering his alarm, Grampa marched doggedly on, bump
benches and trees, but never once pausing.

“They ought to be here some place,” wheezed the old sol
then stopped with a grunt, for he had run plump into an iron r
the dark.

“What is it?” whispered Tatters, straining his eyes in the g
gloom.

“Why, it’s a flight of steps,” cried Grampa in the next breath
for the gate, he entered the little enclosure and struck a match
flickering light, he saw six circular golden steps and on the to
jewelled letters were just three words: “Gorba’s Winding St
Then the match sputtered and went out.

“Winding stairway,” puffed the old soldier joyfully. “Why, t
be the way out. They wind up, I’ll bet a gum drop! Get

everybody. Hurry! Here Loveliness!" Taking Urtha's hand, guided her up the first step. Tatters stood on the second with B shoulder. Grampa mounted quickly to the top and striking match looked anxiously for directions. There were no more insc but under Gorba's name was a tiny gold handle. The ma burning lower and lower and just as it went out Grampa se handle and turned it sharply to the left. Then—"Great Gollyw gasped the old soldier, clutching at the rail. "It's winding down!

Poor Grampa, in his hurry, had turned the handle the wro and next instant the brave little company were whirling d wizard's winding stairway, 'round and 'round, down and down and down, down and 'round, until they were too dizzy to kno they were going.

"Hold on!" called Grampa wildly. "Hold on! Hold on! Hold o hold on was about all they could do.

CHAPTER 8

Strange Happenings in Perhaps City

On the same bright morning that Grampa and Tatters start Ragbad, the Peer of Perhaps City sat cozily breakfasting wi Vere. Percy was a poet and attended to all the guess work in City. True he was a terribly forgetful poet, but he did the best and was a prime favorite with the old mountain monarch. Perh itself is a tall, towered city of gold set high in the Maybe Mou Oz. So steep and craggy are its peaks that none of the dwelle city ever descend into the valleys below. Indeed there is little it, for life in Perhaps City, owing to the jolly nature a management of old Peer Haps, is so delightfully entertaining people have no desire to leave. The Happsies themselves ar

light-hearted and old-fashioned race of Winkies, who in olden C
settled all the countries of the East. The only one who ever left
at all was Abrog, the High Sky prophet of the realm, and to hi
and comings no one paid much attention, for he was a queer, s
man, who spoke but once a year and only then to prophesy a
weather, crops and important events that would take place in th

So far these events had all been happy and fortunate ones,
this sunshiny morning, old Peer Haps, buttering his muffins in
breakfast room, felt so well pleased and content with his lot
fairly beamed upon Percy Vere.

For his part, Percy Vere always was happy and, beaming bac
king, he shook his long locks out of his eye and laughed merri
Peer. Percy Vere always felt that his patron enjoyed his b
particularly if Percy opened the proceedings with a verse, so he
breakfast was served, this ditty:

"Oh, muffins mellow light and clear,
Fit diet for a mountaineer;
Oh, muffins pale and yellow!
Oh, muffins sweet to sniff and eat,
How you refresh a—a—"

The poet's merry blue eyes grew round and puzzled, as they
did when he forgot a word.

"Fellow!" chuckled the Peer, taking a sip of coffee. "Percy, n
you are ridiculish!"

"I am ridiculish, I know it;
A young, a poor forgetful—er"

"Poet!" spluttered Peer Haps, with another chuckle.

"Thanks old Nutmeg!" sighed Percy, helping himself to
muffin. "You always know what I mean."

"*Nut* Meg!" roared Peer Haps. He never got over being an
Percy's informal way of addressing him. "*Nut* Meg! Well, I'll be

And immediately he was, for at that very moment, the foldi
flew open and in rushed Abrog the prophet.

"Greater than all other Rulers in Oz, great of the greatest!" b
old man, salaaming before Peer Haps, "a great misfortune th
approaches, is about to take place."

"What?" cried the Peer, choking on the last bit of his muffi
strange enough to have Abrog speak at all when it was not the
prophecy, but to have him speak in this foreboding fashion wa
too terrible.

"Speak out! Speak up!" cried the Forgetful Poet, leaping to hi

"Speak out, speak up
And then get hence,
We cannot stand this dire—
this dire, this dire—"

"Suspense," finished Peer Haps automatically. "Yes, sp
fellow!" he cried anxiously.

"In four days, a monster will marry the Princess!" wailed
pulling his peaked cap down over his eyes. "In four days, fo
four days!" And having said this, he began to gallop 'ro
breakfast table, Peer Haps and the Forgetful Poet right after h
yourself, can imagine the effect of such a message on the m
Peer of Perhaps City. Why, he prized the little Princess abov
possessions, yes, even above his yellow hen who was a brick l
laid gold bricks instead of eggs. Indeed, she had done mo
anyone else to lay the foundation of his fortune.

"What kind of a m-monster?" stuttered the Forgetful Poet, wa
muffin.

"Where is my daughter now?" demanded Peer Haps, seizin
by the whiskers, for there seemed no other way of stopping hi
waved feebly toward the window and, rushing across the ro
Peer and the poet stared out into the garden where the sweet
Princess in all the countries of the East was gathering roses. Sh

gaily to the two in the window, and, with a shudder, Peer Hap
back to Abrog.

"Let me see the prophecy," he demanded, holding out h
Abrog produced a crumpled parchment and after one glance
Peer covered his face and sank groaning into his enormous ar
The Forgetful Poet had read over his shoulder and instantly b
all the melancholy poems he knew. "Oh, hush!" begged
monarch at last, "and you," he waved wildly at the prophet, "
do nothing but run 'round that table like a merry-go-round goat

"I could marry the Princess myself," rasped Abrog, comi
sudden standstill before the Peer. "If she were already married
monster could not marry her," he leered triumphantly.

"To *you*!" shrieked Percy Vere, crushing his muffin to a pulp.

"You weazened, wild, old, whiskered dunce,
Be off! Be gone! Get out, at—at—at—at—"

Percy began hopping about on one foot groaning, "What's th
what's the word?"

"Once!" finished Peer Haps, mopping his forehead and gl
Abrog, for he was stunned at the old man's suggestion. "It wou
at all," he muttered gloomily. "Why, you're a thousand yea
you're a day, and she's the only daughter I've got."

"Well, you won't have her long," sneered Abrog, gathering
about him. His black eyes gleamed wickedly from beneath the
brows. He was furiously angry, but quickly hiding his feelings h
to move slowly toward the door. Halfway there he paused. "S
refuse my first solution of the difficulty, I will endeavor to
another one. I used to know a little magic," he wheezed craftily
retire to my tower to think."

Peer Haps nodded absently. He was too dazed to think him
could only mutter over and over, "A monster! A monster! My d
A monster!"

"The fellow's a fool!" choked Percy Vere. "He's as full of id

dish pan. Why he's a monster himself!"

"But there's something in what he says," groaned the c unhappily. "If my daughter were already married when this came, he could not carry her off. I have it! Percy, we'll m Princess at once, to the likeliest lad in Perhaps City."

"To me!" cried the Forgetful Poet, tossing back his long lo sticking out his chest complacently.

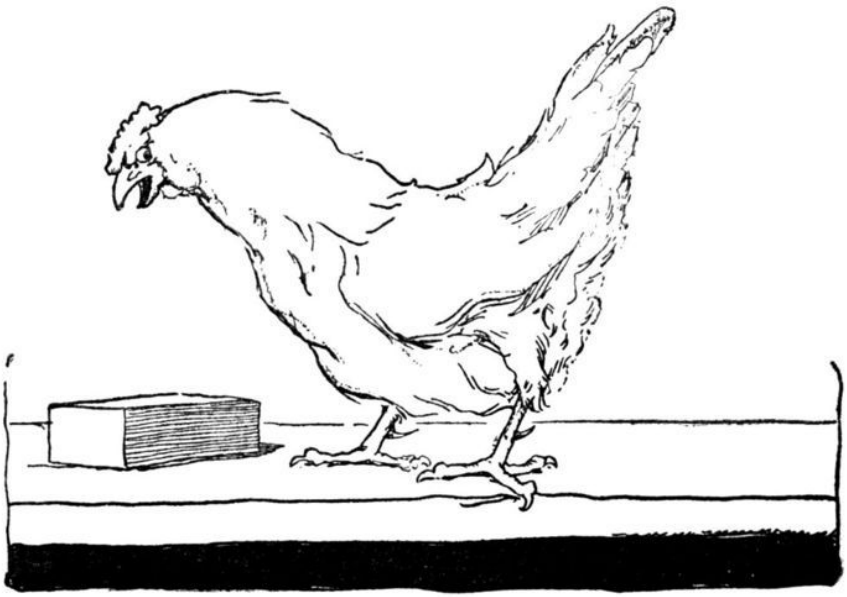
"Well—er," the old monarch looked a trifle embarrassed, hardly the man to marry and settle down to a humdru existence. I was thinking of young Perix."

"You're right," agreed Percy, mollified at once. "Marriag interfere with my career, O Peer. Shall I fetch our pret Princess?"

"Yes, call her at once," begged Peer Haps, clasping and un his hands, "but don't frighten her, Percy my boy, no talk of ma monsters!" Percy felt that the only thing he could do, un circumstances, was to lapse into verse.

"I go, I go, on heel and toe
To fetch the sweetest girl I know,
The Princess of Perhaps City,
As sweet as sugar full of tea!"

caroled the Forgetful Poet, bounding through the door into the Peer Haps smiled faintly, then remembering the monster, frow began drumming nervously on the arm of his chair. He did n look up when the yellow hen hopped into the room, and, wit conscious cluck, laid a gold brick on the mantel.



“What’s the matter?” asked the hen sulkily.

“Everything!” groaned Peer Haps, straining his eyes for the
of Percy and the Princess. “Everything!” At that instant Perc
back.

“The Princess is lost, gone, mislaid!” cried the Forgetf
crossing his eyes in his extreme agitation.

“You speak as if she were an egg,” clucked the yellow hen
one paid any attention to her and in a huff the spoiled creature
the window and dropped a gold brick on the head of t
gardener. But no one, except the chief gardener, paid any atte
this either, for Peer Haps had raised such a clamor o
disappearance of his daughter that the whole castle was in an
Indeed in five minutes more every woman, man and child in
City had joined in the search for the missing Princess. After t
searched high and low, and everywhere else for that matte
suddenly bethought himself of the prophet and, rushing up
steps to his tower, thumped hard upon the door. There was no
Percy flung the door open and there was no prophet. Abrog w

too!

In the face of this new calamity the dreadful prophecy a monster was almost forgotten. Peer Haps sank down upon hi and in spite of his sixty years and three hundred pounds we baby.

"He's perfectly perfidious!" exclaimed Percy Vere, who was out of breath from the steps. All the courtiers solemnly sho heads.

"A villain old and hideous,
And perfectly perfidious,
Has run off with our daughter.
What shall be done to him, O Peer,
This prophesighing profiteer
Deserves both death and—and—"

"Slaughter," sobbed Peer Haps convulsively. Then mopping he sat up. "Someone must follow him at once and bring he thundered the old monarch. "A thousand gold bricks to the m brings her back. A thousand gold bricks and the Princess' marriage!" At this there was a great shuffling of feet and th men of Perhaps City began to exchange uneasy glances.

"Down the mountain?" asked Perix faintly.

"Where else?" demanded Peer Haps, glaring angrily at th nobleman whom he had intended for his daughter.

"But we might be dashed to pieces. It is terribly unsafe," s Perix unhappily. All the other Happsies began to shake their h murmur sadly, "Unsafe, very unsafe!"

"Well, how about my daughter?" roared the poor monarch out his cheeks. "Will no one go after my daughter?" There w shuffling of feet, but not a voice was raised. We must not be on these young Happsies, remembering that in all their lives ar lives of their fathers and grandfathers no one had ever de Maybe Mountain excepting Abrog the old prophet.

“I’ll go myself!” spluttered Peer Haps explosively. But as
with a great groan, the Forgetful Poet rushed forward and emb
much of the Peer as his arms would circle.

“You’d be broken to bits!” cried Percy distractedly. “Supp
stumbled. I, I will go and find the Princess and this meddling, n
prophet.”

“You! Why you’ll forget what you’re after before you start,”
Perix disagreeably.

“As to that,” said Percy, snapping his fingers under th
fellow’s nose, “I may forget a word now and then, but I don
how to act when my King is in trouble!”

“Hurrah!” shouted the gardener, throwing up his hat.
recovered from the shock of the gold brick. “Hurrah for Per
he’s the bravest of the lot!”

“But how will you go?” quavered Peer Haps. He was torn
relief at Percy’s brave offer and sorrow at the thought of lo
prime and favorite companion.

“Here’s how,” cried the valiant Poet. Rushing down the gold
of the palace, Percy leaped over the gate and plunged reckless
the steep mountain side. Percy was well accustomed to hill-

and met with no mishap as he plunged downward.

CHAPTER 9

Dorothy Meets a New Celebrity

Dorothy had been to see the Tin Woodman and now, with T small shaggy dog, running at her side, was skipping merrily d of the wide Winkie Lanes.

“I think Nick Chopper looks very well, don’t you Toto Dorothy, tickling his ear with a long feathery weed.

“Woof!” barked Toto reproachfully. Toto—like all other dogs could talk if he wanted to, but Toto, being originally from preferred his own language. Just then, seeing a lively bacon gave another bark and dashed across a daisy field. Away flutt baconfly, and you have no idea how fast these little rascals ca and away, his ears flapping with excitement, pounded Toto, a after Toto ran Dorothy, for she was always in fear of losing her little pet. Up and down, here and there, ’round and ’round, da

mischievous baconfly, until Toto's tongue hung out and he panted with exhaustion. Then with a spiteful sputter, the disappeared under a rhinestone, and after scratching and whi even growling a little, Toto gave up the chase and trotte sheepishly back to Dorothy.

"That was really too bad of you Toto," panted the li reprovingly. "You wouldn't eat a poor little baconfly, would you

"Woof, gr-rr woof!" sulked Toto, which was Kansas for "Y would!" Pretending not to understand this last remark, Dorothy herself with her broad straw hat and started slowly back tow lane. But the baconfly had led them such a roundabout chase th she did come to the lane she turned in exactly the opposite d from the way she had intended, and instead of walking tow Emerald City she began walking away from it. But as neither Toto was aware of this fact, they progressed most cheerfully, carrying on a one-sided conversation with the saucy little bo Occasionally Toto would bark or wag his tail, but most of the listened in superior silence to the little girl's chatter of the fun had in Nick Chopper's tin castle.

Now how Nick Chopper came to have a castle is a story in i Nick has, in the course of his strange and interesting life, risen wood-chopper to Emperor of all the Winkies and from an blood and bone man to a real celebrity of tin. Yes, Nick is e man of tin, as you can see by referring to any of the histories these same histories it is recorded how a wicked witch en Nick's ax, so that first it cut off his legs, then his arms and fi body and head. But you cannot kill a good Ozman like Nick and after each accident he hied him to a tin-smith for repairs. tin-smith made him tin legs, then tin arms, next a tin body and tin head, so that he was completely a man of tin. And this sa Dorothy, on her first trip to Oz, had discovered the Tin W rusting in a forest, had oiled up his joints and taken him to the City itself. There the Wizard of Oz had given him a warm, r

heart, which he still has and since then Nick has been in almo
important adventure that has happened in the wonderful Lan
Ozma, the little fairy ruler of Oz, finding Nick so dependable
unusual, has made him Emperor of the East, and the loyal little
have built him a splendid tin castle in the center of their
yellow country.

Dorothy herself was first blown to Oz in a Kansas cyclone an
great many visits to this delightful country, determined to
good. Ozma, with the help of her magic belt, transported Dor
Uncle Henry and Aunt Em and Toto to the Land of Oz. Uncle H
Aunt Em have a comfortable little farm just outside of the
City, but Dorothy and Toto have a cunning apartment in the
Palace itself, for Ozma cannot bear to have Dorothy far away.
girls—for Ozma herself is only a little girl fairy—have been th
many adventures together that they are almost inseparable,
show her love and affection for this little girl from the Unite
Ozma has made Dorothy a Royal Princess of Oz.

But through all her honors and adventures Dorothy has rema
same jolly little girl she was in Kansas. Every now and then
aside her silk court frocks, slips into an old gingham dress and
for a visit to some of her friends in the country.

"We'll soon be at the Scarecrow's, Toto; shall you like th
asked, after skipping along for five whole minutes without s
"Perhaps he'll have corn muffins and honey and—Whatever's th

"Little girl! Little girl!" A voice came echoing high and cle
the sunlit lane. Toto pricked up his ears, and Dorothy, shading
turned in the direction of the voice. Running toward her was
man clothed all in buff—an extremely excited and agitated yo
—and by the time he reached Dorothy and Toto he was
breathless.

"Well—" began Dorothy, hardly knowing what else to say.

"Not very well, thank you," puffed the young man, slappi
face with a yellow silk handkerchief. On closer inspection Dor

that his handsome suit was torn and muddied and the you himself exceedingly scratched and weary.

"I am most unhappy," he continued, regarding her mournf least, when I can remember to be. It is hard to be unhappy in country like this."

"Then why do you try to remember to be?" asked Dorothy little laugh, while Toto made a playful dash at the stranger's he

"A great deal depends on my remembering," explained th man eagerly. "If I forget to be unhappy I may forget why I f the mountain and why I am wandering in this strange country friends or food."

"Well, why are you?" Dorothy could control her curiosity no

"I am seeking a Princess," replied the youth solemnly.

"A Princess! Well, will I do?" Dorothy smiled mischievou while the stranger stared at her, round-eyed, she made him her court bow. The result was extremely funny. The Forgetful Poe course you have guessed all along that it was he—extended toward Toto and cried accusingly:

"I looked the maiden in the eye,
I looked her up and down,
She says she is a Princess,
But, she hasn't any—any—?"

Toto barked indignantly at this limping poetry.

"I suppose you mean crown," giggled Dorothy. "Yes I have it's at home, in Ozma's castle."

"The crown is in the castle,
The castle's in the town;
The town is in the land of Oz,
But how about her—her—"

He stared helplessly at Dorothy's gingham dress and, with little scream of laughter, Dorothy finished his verse. "Gown!" s

the little girl. “Do you always talk like that?”

“Pretty often,” admitted Percy Vere apologetically. “You see poet. And I know who you are now. You’re Princess Dorothy He smiled so charmingly as he said this that Dorothy could smiling back.

“I’ve read all about you in Peer Haps’ history books,” confid triumphantly. “Shall I address you as Princess?” As he as question the troubled expression returned to his eyes. “You seen a Princess anywhere around here have you?” he added ar Dorothy shook her head and Toto began sniffing under all the b if he expected to find a Princess in any one of them.

“A little Princess,
Passing fair,
With rosy cheeks
And yellow—yellow—”

“Hair,” put in Dorothy quickly. “Who is she? Who are you did she get lost? Let’s sit down and then you can tell me all abo

“He’s exactly like a puzzle,” thought Dorothy, with an amus
sniff. So Percy Vere sat down beside her under a spreading j
and as quickly as he could he told of the strange happenings in
City, of the prophecy about the monster, of the strange condu
Abrog, the Prophet, and finally of the disappearance of t
Princess and the Prophet.

Percy himself had fallen down the steep craggy sides o
Mountain, arriving in a scratched and bruised heap at the bot
morning he had been wandering through the fields and lane
Winkle land and Dorothy was the first person he had encounter

“Well, I think you were just splendid,” breathed the little gi
Forgetful Poet finished his story. Percy had tried to gloss
young men’s refusal to go in search of the Princess, but Doro
guessed quite correctly what had happened.

“I’ll bet that old prophet carried her off himself,” she
positively.

“I think so two,
I think so three,
I think so four,
Where can they—?”

Percy mopped his brow and looked appealingly at the little g

“Be,” supplied Dorothy obligingly. “I’m sure I don’t know,
can soon find out. You just come to the Emerald City with me a
look in Ozma’s magic picture.”

“Why you are wise
As you are pretty;
Let’s hasten to
The Emerald City!”

Smiling all over because he had actually finished his own v
Forgetful Poet helped Dorothy to her feet and both started gai
the lane, Dorothy telling the poet all about the interesting fol

capitol and Percy Vere telling Dorothy all about the City of
Maybe Mountain. Dorothy's idea of looking in Ozma's picture
of her other ideas, was a mighty good one, for this pictu
magical power enabling a person to see whomever he wishes
one look would disclose the whereabouts of the lost Princess of
City. But at every step, they were putting a longer distance
themselves and that look. For at every step, thanks to th
baconfly, they were going farther and farther away from the
City of Oz.

They had eaten the lunch the Tin Woodman had thoughtfull
for Dorothy, and now, as the afternoon shadows began to lengt
little girl looked anxiously ahead for familiar landmarks. But
the lane—which should have led straight to the Scarecrow'
which is halfway between the Tin Woodman's Palace and the
City—the lane suddenly came to a stop in a scraggly little wood

"That's funny!" mused Dorothy, looking around in surprise.

"Are we lost?" asked Percy, leaning wearily against a tree.

"Hello! Hello, why here's a sign
Tacked up upon this prickly—prickly—"

Without bothering to finish the verse, Dorothy hurried ove
pine.

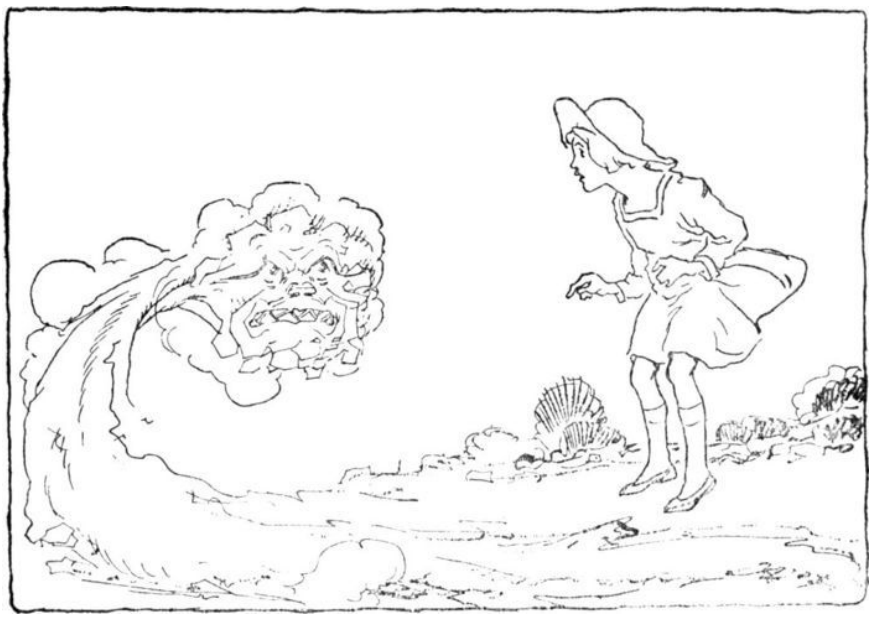
"Look out for the Runaway," advised the sign, in large red le

"Runaway!" cried Dorothy, snatching Toto up in her arms
gracious! I wonder what kind of a runaway it is?" They were
left in doubt, for while Percy was still staring nervously all
there came a hiss and a snap and 'round a big rock shot the
itself, scooping up the two travellers before they had time to ev
a single eyelash.

"This is p-perfectly preposterous," blustered the Forgetful Po
he and Dorothy were sitting in the middle of the runaway ar
Vere hastily slipped his arm around the little girl to keep h
falling off. The runaway road itself was humping along li

dreadful sort of serpent, jouncing and bouncing them so terr
talking was almost impossible.

"Wonder where it's running!" gasped Dorothy, hugging Toto
he began to growl a little. From somewhere ahead a grit
answered her.



"I'm running straight to a pepper mine," roared the runaw
you'll make a handsome pair of pepper diggers."

"P-pepper diggers!" groaned Percy Vere.

"Pepper diggers, not that please,
The very idea makes me, makes me—"

"Ha-ha-ka kachoo," sneezed Percy miserably.

"Pepper doesn't grow in mines. It's a plant," shouted
indignantly.

"Well, this pepper mine of mine was planted," replied t
twisting 'round to stare at Dorothy with its stony eyes. Neither
nor the Forgetful Poet answered this time, for the bump

bouncing had grown so much worse that it was all they cou
hold on to each other and keep from biting their tongues off.
like this had ever happened to the Forgetful Poet before. He wa
stunned. But Dorothy had been in so many strange adventures
had so many odd experiences in the land of Oz, that she was
planning to outwit the runaway.

"It wouldn't be safe to jump off," thought the little girl, "
probably be broken to bits, but—" Her eyes travelled upwar
trees and bushes that were flashing past as the runaway flu
recklessly through the forest—"If we caught hold of a low br
old road would go on without us," she reflected triumphantly.

As well as she could, for bumps and bounces, she whispered
to Percy Vere. He nodded enthusiastically and transferred To
blouse, so that Dorothy would have both hands free. Then,
huge tree loomed up ahead, they both began to count, an
branches stretched over the runaway, they hurled themselves
and held on for dear life. Beneath slithered the road and not
last yellow length of it had flashed by did Dorothy and Percy
go. Percy dropped to the ground first, gently lifted Dorothy do
took the frightened, wiggling little Toto out of his blouse.

"Whew!" breathed Dorothy, leaning dizzily against Percy, "t
worst ride I've had for a long time. Wonder where we are?"

"Do—we—do—this—often?" panted the Forgetful Poet, lo
Dorothy with round eyes. "I'm perfectly pulverized!"

“Well, I never met a runaway before,” confessed Dorothy, “
never can tell what’s going to happen in Oz, so first thing we
do is to find out where we are!”

“We’re in a forest dark and deep,
I hope the bears are all—are all—”

“Asleep! So do I!” sighed Dorothy, and began tip-toeing alo
the great lonesome trees, Toto keeping close at her side and Pe
treading softly behind her.

CHAPTER 10

Prince Forge John of Fire Island

Before Grampa and his little company had recovered from t
of winding down instead of up, the strange stairway gathe
together, and, with a sudden jerk, shook them all off.

"Break ranks!" roared the old soldier, kicking out wildly
game leg.

"I don't want to break my ranks," said Bill crossly. Tatters a
were too startled to say anything and for a few seconds they si
in surprised silence. The hollow down which they were tumb
wide and dimly lighted with a soft, spooky glow. The air was t
heavy and they were falling much slower than Grampa and Ta
fallen down the hollow tree. First fell Urtha, her flowe

fluttering gracefully around her; then fell Tatters, clinging to
one arm and his red umbrella with the other; then the old sol
gun, drum, sword and knapsack rattling like a box full of marbl

"I feel exactly like a butterfly. Are we flying, dear Mr
laughed the flower maiden presently.

"No, my poor child," puffed Grampa, staring down at her a
"We're falling!"

"Falling asleep?" asked Urtha contentedly.

"Depends on how we land," groaned the old soldier, and
remembering his last landing he snatched the wizard's medici
from his pocket.

"Is there anything on the label about falling?" panted Tatt
was close enough to notice the old soldier's action. Grampa
bottle close to his eyes, and though reading while falling is o
hardest things I know of to do, after a deal of squinting the ol
read out the following: "For falling hairs, one drop in full
water!"

"But we're not hares," wheezed Bill indignantly.

"And if our hair stopped falling and we fell on, we'd be
puffed Grampa hoarsely. "Besides there isn't any water, s
nothing to do but fall!"

"Stormy weather! Stormy weather!" predicted Bill gloomil
out below, look out, look out, look out!" As the weather cock
his last look out, the air grew suddenly lighter, the speed of
fallers increased and next thing, with a great splash and splut
had plunged into a deep underground lake. Blowing like a
Grampa rose to the surface.

"One drop in water," choked the old soldier and, treadi
furiously, he began to look around for his little army. In the di
light he could see Urtha floating like a tiny island of flowers o
of the water—her fine spray of hair spread out 'round her lov
face. A short distance away Tatters was making frantic efforts

afloat but, with the iron weather cock and the enormous um
was a difficult business and every few minutes the poor P
Ragbad would disappear under the waves. Grampa
handicapped as he was by a game leg and so many weapon
swimming a dreadful exertion and by the time he reached Ta
was completely exhausted. He still grasped the wizard's bottl
hand.

"Wet—very wet!" The head of Bill appeared above the w
then went under, as Tatters took another dive toward the botto

"Grampa, I'm drowning!" gulped the poor Prince, reappeari
second on the surface. It never occurred to the Prince to drop B
father's umbrella. Grampa himself had shipped so much wate
no breath to speak, but he flung his hand out desperately tow
Prince and, as luck would have it, it was the hand holding the
medicine.

"D—don't drown!" begged Grampa, his eye fixed desperatel
green label. "Wait, there's a cure for it." Treading water a
clutched Tatters by the hair and pressed the bottle to his li
swallow and you'll swim like a fish," promised Grampa.

"My head's swimming already," muttered Tatters weakly. It
the Prince could do to get the stuff down, for he had swallowe
of the lake already. Grampa was so interested in watching the e
the dose that he forgot to move his feet and went down him
just as the water closed over his head he put the wizard's bott

own lips, took a hasty mouthful and jammed in the cork. Imm
he bobbed to the surface and, with a great sigh of relief, saw
floating on top of the waves, Bill perched precariously upon h
Grampa felt as buoyant as a cork and, using his gun as an oar
toward Tatters and Urtha and soon all three were bobbing al
by side.

"This medicine's the only good thing that wizard ever invent
Grampa, sticking the bottle through his belt. "Feeling better, old

Tatters shook his head feebly. He could not help thinking
out of their way they had fallen, and how very far they were
Emerald City and even from Ragbad itself. He blinked hastil
thought of Mrs Sew-and-Sew and the cozy red castle on the hil
hoped Pudge had remembered to feed his pigeons. Tatters
never expected to see them again. Only Urtha seemed reall
enjoying the adventure. Her little flower face was wreathed i
and her lovely flower frock fairly sparkled with freshness.

"Isn't this fun!" she kept repeating merrily. "Isn't this fun?"
nodded, but not very enthusiastically.

"Do you think we'll ever get back on top again?" asked
gloomily.

"Of course," spluttered Grampa. "We've fallen down about
we can fall and from now on things will take an upward turn,
Hello, this water's kinda hot! Great swordfish, what's that noise

"The fortune! The fortune!" shrieked Bill, jumping up ar
upon Tatters' thin chest and ducking the Prince at every jun
fortune!"

With a great effort, Grampa sat up in the water, which was
beginning to steam, and then fell backward with a terrific splas

"Halt!" commanded Grampa, trying to push against the curr
his sword. "Stop! Halt!" A great roaring was in their ears and t
light had changed to a red hot glow. Now Tatters sat up. Then
began to kick wildly about in an effort to stop himself. And no
They were being carried straight toward a roaring red island of

"The fortune! The fortune!" screeched Bill, more excited than

"Fortune!" groaned Grampa, reaching out to catch Urtha, w
floating rapidly past. "Misfortune! Halt! Stop! Everybody back!"

"Better stop backing and look on that bottle," gulped the P

Ragbad. “Better see if there’s any cure for—for this!” He desperately ahead. And Grampa, with a little choke of fright, pu the wizard’s medicine. “Burns, scalds and heat strokes,” Grampa. “Well, we’d better take the cure for all three. A tea was prescribed in each case and with trembling hands the old measured out the doses. Bill could not swallow, so the old dashed the medicine over his head.”

“I think you’re a fairy,” puffed Grampa, throwing a dose in of the surprised little flower girl, “but if anything should ha never forgive myself.” Tatters came next and by this time the w so hot that Grampa himself began to groan with discomfor hastily swallowed his three spoonfuls, corked the bottle and p for the worst. But immediately everything grew better. The w heat from the island seemed only pleasant breezes now steaming water did not even feel hot. Before they had time to at all this, they were washed up on the burning sands of Fir itself.

“Is it the fortune?” asked Bill, hopping out of Tatters’ arms. “ land—or gold, and this is a golden land.”

Grampa was too dazed to answer. Finding himself comple proof was strange enough, but actually walking on an island seemed unbelievable.

“Wonder what Pudge would say to this,” mused Grampa, a rushed over to his side. Urtha was already dancing about glowing sands as happily as she had danced in the wizard’s garc

“Here come the firemen!” cried Prince Tatters, and rather a the old soldier turned to meet the islanders. The people of Fi were as interesting and unusual as their island, being entirel and blue flames, and so light upon their feet they fairly flashe over the glowing rocks.

“Shall I fall on their heads?” inquired Bill. “Is it a fight?”

“No,” answered Grampa, squinting a bit from the glare, “I they’re friendly.” And the old soldier was right, for as the Fire I

came nearer they waved their arms gaily and seemed deligh
the unusual appearance of their visitors. A little ahead of th
strode a tall man, who was made entirely of glowing, red h
Except for this fact, he might have been any village blacksmith
face was so round and jolly that Tatters immediately took heart

"Prince Forge John the First!" called two small flame page
Fire Monarch reached the party on the beach. Prince For
bowed, Grampa saluted, Bill crowed and Urtha—breaking off a
spray from her skirts—held it out prettily to the ruler of Fire Isl

"What a charming little fairy!" cried Prince Forge John in
crackling voice. "And you," he turned pleased eyes upon Gra
Tatters, "how brave you look, and *it*," with a wave at the weath
"how beautiful it is—all of splendid iron!"

"Thanks," crowed Bill. "I'm useful, too. If you will tell me w
find the head, the Princess and the fortune, I'll tell you which
wind blows. Head? Fortune? Princess?" finished Bill, as if
repeating a lesson.

Prince Forge John looked so confused at this speech that
stepped forward and hastily explained all that had happened si
Fumbo had lost his head, ending up with the wizard's gar
discovery of Urtha and their fortunate use of Gorba's medicine.

"H-m!" mused Prince Forge John, rubbing his iron chin. "S
seeking the head of this lad's father and the lad himself seeks a
and a Princess? Well, I have not seen the King's head, but th
may stay here with us, marry one of our Fire Maidens and
fortune in the fire works. There's many a fortune been snatch
the fire. How would you like that, my boy?"

"Yes, do stay and marry me," cried one of the little flame m
running impulsively up to the Prince.

"You are so odd and you look so interesting!" Tatters looked
embarrassed, for he was fearful that the maiden would scorch
"I—I must find my father's head first," stuttered the Prince,
away uneasily, "and if your Majesty could tell us of a way ba

—” Tatters bowed again and looked appealingly at Grampa.

“Well, you might go up in smoke,” suggested Prince For slowly. “I think, myself, that this wizard’s medicine will presently and then you’ll all burn up.”

“Oh,” groaned the old soldier, snatching out his handkerchi do you think such terrible thoughts?”

“Would it hurt?” breathed Urtha, who hated to see anyone u

“Is there no fire escape?” choked Tatters, with bulging eyes.

Prince Forge John shook his head. “I’d like to help murmured gravely, “but you are so strangely made I don’t se can. Better just stay on here. Burning’s not so bad and I thi burn a long time.” Several of the Fire Islanders nodded as th said this, but Grampa and Tatters could find no consolation i prospect.

“And marching North seemed *so* easy!” wailed poor Tatters heavily on his red umbrella.

“Never mind,” sighed the old soldier, “I’ll think of someth Let’s jump back in the water,” he proposed brightly.

“But if the medicine wears off boiling would be just as burning,” objected Tatters, with a little shudder.

“That’s so,” admitted Grampa. “It seems, my boy, that ever soup has at least one fly!”

“There’s a fly on your nose,” screeched Bill, hopping up an And so there was—a saucy little fire fly. There were f everywhere—darting here and there among the fire flowers a the fields of waving fire weeds.

“Better stay,” repeated Prince Forge John hospitably. “Anyw show you a bit of the island.”

Grampa nodded, for he did not know what else to do, and s the others followed sadly after the Prince and his cortege. Th no houses on Fire Island, but each flame family had its own c place. Between stretched meadows of clear blue flame an

beautiful gardens, where, from flowing beds of red hot coals, lo
flowers arose.

The stems were of green flame, the tops of yellow, blue and
Prince picked a bouquet of these strange posies for Urtha
Grampa's surprise, the fire flowers neither burned the little flo
nor went out in her hands.

If it had not been for the dreadful thought of burning up th
over them, the old soldier and Tatters might have enjoyed t
across the island. But as it was they got little pleasure from
Prince Forge John's fire works, where all the hearth fires and
fires are manufactured and the Fourth of July roman can
sparklers are made, aroused in them no enthusiasm. When they
the other side of the island, the Prince offered each membe
party a box of fire crackers for refreshments and this made
smile in spite of his worry.

"No use setting ourselves off before our time!" chuckled
soldier, handing them back with a bow. The Prince looked a lit

but he and the rest of his company ate up their fire crackers wi
and after Prince Forge John had finished his sixteenth box h
sudden idea.

"I've thought of a way to save you," cried Prince Forge Joh
crackling with pleasure. "You can just go to Blazes!"

"What?" shouted Grampa, who, being in the army, thought
insulted.

"Yes," repeated Forge John calmly. "You must go to Blazes.
dark house across the waters there? Well, you'll find him on t
side of that."

Grampa shaded his eyes and, looking across the green, sul
waters surrounding Fire Island, made out a great tower of Dar
was quite easy to see, for every other place was lighted with th
glow from the island.

"Fetch the boat," ordered the Prince briskly, and while Gra
Tatters were still gazing in stupefaction at the tower, several o
men began shoving an iron boat down the beach. Uncerem
Forge John took them by the arms and helped them in. To
truth, he was growing sleepy and anxious to be rid of these
visitors.

"The flower fairy may stay," he yawned graciously, but Urth
such intention. Gently disengaging herself from a group of
maidens, she ran after the boat and sprang lightly in beside Tat

"What do you mean? Where are we going? Hold on here!" b
the old soldier. But Prince Forge John merely waved his firm a
the two fire men began to row away as fast as they could.

"Good-bye," called the Prince, with another yawn. "I'm so
wouldn't stay and burn with us."

"We're going to blazes, to blazes, to blazes!" crowed Bill, w
flown up into the bow of the boat.

"That's right," crackled the flame man nearest to Tatters. "H
send you up."

“But who—who is Blazes?” asked the Prince of Ragbad, st
out both his hands imploringly.

“The keeper of the volcano,” answered the second rower, lo
Tatters intently.

“Lightning, thunder, hot winds and earthquakes!” crow
weather cock wildly.

Grampa flopped hopelessly into the bottom of the boat.

CHAPTER 11

Into the Volcano

By the time Grampa had recovered enough to sit up the b
scraping on the black rocks at the foot of the dark tower.

"Cinders! Soot!" called the rowers loudly. In answer to the
door opened cautiously and the keepers of the dark tower peere

"What's wanted?" asked the first hoarsely, while the secon
his dark lantern toward the party in the boat.

"Take these men to Blazes and tell him to send 'em up!" dire
flame men together and, almost pushing Grampa and his little c
from the boat, they jumped in and started to row back to thei
The dark tower was wet and clammy and made of moss that so
the rays of light from Fire Island as a sponge soaks up wa
keepers of the tower themselves looked burnt out and cindery

from agreeable.

"You go!" said Soot, after a contemptuous glance at the new "I've got to keep the light out."

"All right!" agreed Cinders. "Come on you, whatever yo There was no way to get back to Fire Island, so Grampa moti the others to come and in silence they followed Cinders over th slippery rocks. Bill perched on Grampa's shoulder and Tatters to Urtha, who for the first time seemed a little frightened.

"Being alive is so strange," sighed the little flower girl, along tremulously.

"It's not always like this," whispered the Prince comfortingly terribly frightened himself, but resolved to be as brave as l before this lovely little lady of flowers. The dark tower seemed the mainland of this queer underground country and, after march over the rocks, they came to a steep gray mountain. The door in the center and Cinders hammered on this with a p carried under one arm. The door opened immediately and a glare smote the travellers in the face.

"John says to send these creatures up," grumbled Cinders, out of the light.

"I hope that medicine's still working!" groaned Grampa. "Do feel cool?"

"Pretty cool," faltered the Prince of Ragbad. "But—"

"Come in," roared the huge fireman, who had opened the d you want to give me a chill?" Snatching Tatters by one hand an by the other, he jerked them through the door and Grampa, see Cinders was about to slam it shut, sprang in quickly after them was about twice as tall as the men on Fire Island and his flam was cruel and ugly.

"So you're to be sent up?" he sneered, staring curiously bewildered little company. "Well, you're not worth an erupt orders are orders, so up you go!"

Grampa could find no words to answer, for his eyes were
horror upon the boiling lake of lava, churning about a few fee
Thick green smoke curled up toward them in clouds and just a
about to order a hasty retreat to the door the keeper of the
seized a forty-foot poker and plunged it into the lake.

Next instant it had risen to the top, caught the four f
travellers in its sulphurous waves and hurled itself froth
bubbling to the top of the earth. Being erupted from a volcano
noisy, smothering, altogether terrifying experience that Grampa
little army could not have told what was happening had they tr
had it not been for Gorba's medicine they would have blown
of the story, but, thanks to the medicine, the boiling lava did n
them and having hurled them from the middle of the earth a
fifty feet higher than the earth, the liquid immediately surr
them began to harden and form a flying-island.

Of course Grampa and Tatters were too dizzy to know this
first indication they had that the eruption was over was a

bounce and a perfect shower of water. The water brought them
senses and—fearfully opening their eyes—they looked around.
The volcano was in the Kingdom of Ev, on the other side of th
Desert, and had flung them clear into the Nonestic Ocean its
great body of water lies far to the Northwest and mighty fe
have ever reached its shores.

"Well," coughed Grampa, rubbing his game leg vigoro
thought we were goners, but I see we are survivors. Are you a
Are you all here?"

Urtha shook her lovely fern hair out of her eyes and, stra
may seem, the little flower girl had come through the eruption
crushing a single posy.

"Fair and cooler!" wheezed Bill, hopping up on a little ridg
hardened lava.

"But how did we get here?" asked Tatters, rubbing his eyes.

"You'll have to ask Blazes," puffed Grampa, "but I must say
water to fire." Already the spirits of the old soldier were begi
rise. "We may be far from home, but we're on top again
moving." Grampa took a few marching steps and waved his swo

"And what are those?" asked Urtha, standing on tip-toe to
the stars. In the wizard's garden there had been no sky.
explained as best he could and the little flower girl clasped h
and gazed up in delight. "They're sky flowers," she confided to
the weather cock was too busy looking for the fortune to answe

"Seems to me we're shipwrecked," observed Tatters gloomi
little island was bobbing up and down on top of the waves a
was no land of any kind in sight. But Grampa, who h
investigating the contents of his knapsack, gave a little chuc
bread and butter they had picked in the wizard's garden—n
entirely fire proof—was nicely toasted and looked so crisp and
that it made Grampa's mouth water.

"What you fussing about?" said the old soldier, winking
Prince. "'Tisn't everybody can have their supper cooked in a v

He handed Tatters a great pile of the toast and after the P
Ragbad had eaten a dozen slices, he began to feel more
himself.

"All we need is a little sleep," yawned the old soldier, after
finished off the toast, for neither Bill nor Urtha needed food
will keep watch, you and I had better turn in, for there's no
what may happen to-morrow."

"I'll keep watch," promised Bill readily.

"Hush!" warned Grampa suddenly, for Urtha, wearied by he
adventures, had fallen fast asleep in the middle of counting
and lay in a fragrant heap, her lovely violet eyes closed tight an
big and little posies that made up the wonderful little flower gi
were asleep too.

"If she hadn't been a fairy," whispered Grampa, looking dow
affectionately, "she would have wilted long ago. We must ta
care of her, my boy, for I doubt if there's as lovely a lit
anywhere else in Oz."

"She's the only luck we've had," mused Tatters, "and I wish
Prince looked up at the stars and did not finish his sentence bu
up the skin of the old thread bear, he made a pillow for Urth
and he and Grampa went tip-toeing to the other side of the isl
stretched themselves on the ground. The motion of the little isla
rode lightly over the waves, was very soothing and before long
soldier and the young Prince were sound asleep too, leaving
weather cock on guard. And Bill, in all the years he had spen
barn near Chicago, had never felt so important. Perched on the
ridge of the island, he kept a sharp look-out in all directions,
the tumbling waters of the Nonestic Ocean for signs of a fortu
Princess and talking softly to himself in the starlight.

Grampa was having a fine dream. He was being presented
and was just about to shake hands with Princess Ozma herself,
was wakened by a ton of kitchen tins falling down a mountain
that's what it sounded like to Grampa. Leaping to his feet,

soldier snatched up his gun. Tatters and Urtha were both sit
upright, rubbing their eyes.

"It's Bill!" yawned the Prince sleepily. With an exclam
disgust, the old soldier threw down his gun and covered his e
weather cock was indulging in his morning crow and helping th
rise. Just as Grampa thought he could not stand it another mi
frightful clamor ceased.

"The sun has risen," announced Bill calmly, "and ther
ahead!"

It was a bit foggy but, crowding to the edge of the island,
company saw that they were being carried straight toward a la
and snow. Tatters and Urtha had never seen snow before, for
no snow in Oz, but Grampa had read all about such things in
books and, while he was explaining, the little island bumpe
snowy shores of this strange ice-bound land.

"All off!" cried Grampa, seizing Urtha by the hand. Tatters
for his umbrella and the skin of the old thread bear; then jump
Grampa and the flower maiden.

"Colder and colder!" predicted Bill, flying after the Pri
settling on the branches of an ice-covered tree. But Tatters
thinking of the weather. With round eyes, he was studying a h
that stretched between two tall hemlocks.

"The Illustrious Island of Isa Poso," announced the sign,
smaller letters, "Beware of the dragon."

"Great Gollywockers!" gasped the old soldier, reading over
shoulder. "Can't they give a feller a rest?"

"What's a dragon?" asked Urtha, touching Tatters on the arm

CHAPTER 12

The Island of Isa Poso

While Tatters was still studying the sign and explaining a d
Urtha, the old soldier stepped over to another tree where an ev
sign was displayed. This is what it said:

REWARD!

One-half the kingdom and the hand of the Princess Poso
to the slayer of the dragon Enorma.

Chin Chilly the Third,
King of Isa P

"Hah," cried Grampa, with a little skip, "this is more like it!"

“Like what?” asked Tatters, blowing on his stiff fingers.

“Like olden times. In my youth,” said Grampa solemnly, “yo
served in the armies of strange kings, slew monsters and were r
with half the kingdom and the Princess’ hand. Let us immedia
this dragon, my boy, and win the reward. Then all that will b
us to do will be to find your father’s head.”

“And I’ll find the dragon,” volunteered the weather cock, ri
the frosty air.

“What shall I do?” asked Urtha, running up to the old soldier

“Just be your lovely little self,” smiled Grampa, “and stay w
can see you. Why, just to look at you makes me feel like a co
army with banners flying.”

Urtha was so happy at Grampa’s neat little speech that she b
a kiss and began dancing in circles over the shimmery sn
wherever Urtha’s foot rested the snow melted and flowers sp
until there were circles of posies pricked out against the snow.
and Tatters were so interested that they almost forgot the icy w
was blowing over this white, frozen land. But soon the Prince
spite of the skin of the thread bear was thinly clad, began to sh
the old soldier to shake in good earnest. First he stood on one
then on the other—and longest on the other because that was l
leg and not subject to frost bites.

“A game leg’s a mighty fortunate thing,” wheezed Grampa
“but I wish we were like Urtha—then we wouldn’t feel this pes
Let’s march on, for if we stay here we’ll freeze stiff.” Marchin
empty stomach through a strange freezing land was not the ple
thing in the world but both Grampa and Tatters stepped out
the young Prince smiling over his shoulder every few minute
little flower maiden. “It’s a lucky thing we’re not being fo
whispered Grampa, and it certainly was—for after them, in a
row, pansies, tulips, daffodils and forget-me-nots marked out t
of the light footed little flower fairy.

“I hope we track down this dragon soon,” groaned Tatters,

to stamp his foot and rub the end of his nose. Icicles were for
Grampa's whiskers and the sun, flashing on the snow, almost
the gallant old soldier. He was almost ready to quit.

"No wonder the king calls himself Chin Chilly," chattered
dismally. "My chin's chilly too; I'm chilly all over. Urtha, my
you see anything that looks like a dragon?"

"I see a bright light," called Urtha, who was dancing ahea
shivering adventurers.

"I feel a warm wind!" cried the Prince of Ragbad excitedly.

"The dragon! The dragon!" screamed the weathercock, a
suddenly over the top of a bleak, icy hill. Before Bill's warning
away, the dragon itself hove into view and, with a great roa
tobogganing down upon the frightened little company like
railway train. Urtha jumped behind Tatters, Tatters drew his
and Grampa looked down the sights of his gun into the flamin
of Enorma herself. For a moment nothing happened, for the
now that she was down the hill, seemed to wait for them to m
first move.

"Don't shoot," begged the Prince of Ragbad imploringly. "Do
yet Grampa, it's the first time I've been warm to-day!"

Grampa's whiskers had already thawed out and the heat f
fire-breathing monster was so comforting that they almost for
fear. The dragon, on her part, seemed more curious than angry.

"Well, I'll be snowballed!" she snorted, wagging her head fi
to side. "How did you get here?"

"It's a long strange story," sighed Grampa, lowering his
holding his hands toward the waves of heat that blew from the
nostrils.

"We fell, swam, sailed and exploded," crowed Bill, flapping h
over the dragon's head.

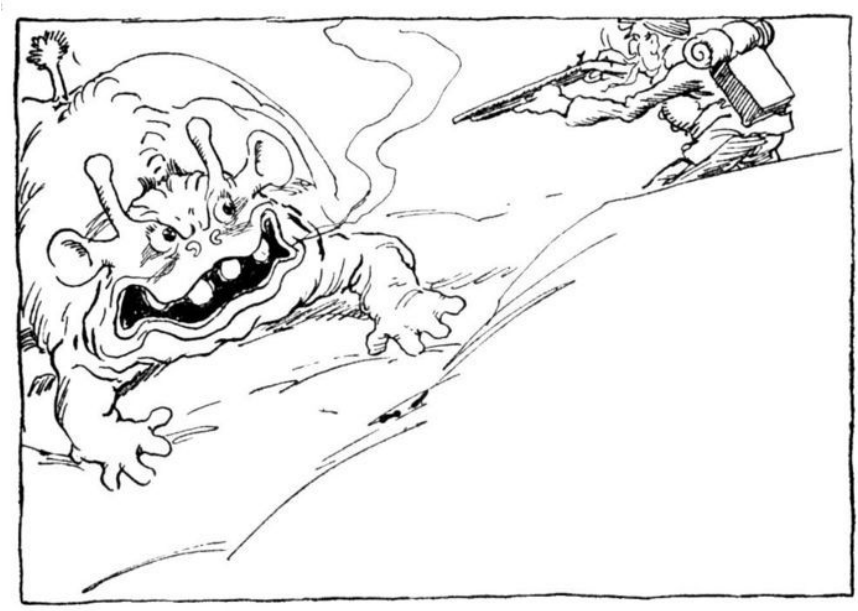
"Well, before you melt, would you mind telling me why you
all?" asked Enorma, with a terrific yawn.

“Melt!” exclaimed Grampa, his eyes snapping, “why, beginning to thaw out.”

“Well, you’ll soon be entirely out of the way,” said the comfortably. “The folk hereabout melt at my mere approach.” yawned again and began to pant a little, from her slide down th

“Humph!” grunted the old soldier. At the first yawn he had startling discovery—at the second he was sure he had made it out his snuff box, the old soldier tip-toed close to the monster a the entire contents in her face.

Then, “Run for your lives!” shouted Grampa, starting off at pace. And it is well that they quickly obeyed this command sneezes of that dragon shook the entire island and sent the blinding flurries all around them.



“What—what’s happened?” asked the Prince of Ragbad, pee wildly from behind an icy cliff.

“Your fortune’s made, that’s all!” announced Grampa proudl ways than one of winning a battle.”

Stepping out, and motioning for the others to follow, the ol approached the still quivering monster. Tears streamed from and she was still sneezing broken-heartedly.

"Enorma is as false as her teeth!" puffed Grampa, a astonishment Tatters and Urtha saw that the dragon was toothless—having lost her one and only set at the first Grampa's snuff.

"Will you finish her off, or shall I?" asked the old soldier, ra sword in businesslike fashion. Before Tatters could answer Eno a frightened moan and began scuttling across the snow field express train bound for Atlantic City.

"Halt! Stop! or I'll fall on your head! Come back here at onc slaughtered!" screamed Bill, flying after her while the others as fast as they could on foot. But in the end Enorma finished he turning to see how close Grampa and Tatters were coming, she headfirst into an icy stream and put herself out—comple entirely out—for a dragon can no more stand a dash of wate furnace, or a witch!

When Grampa and Tatters reached the edge of the stream, was floating like a great green log on the surface, only a tin smoke to show that she had ever been a roaring, fire-eati enough monster.

Gentle little Urtha wept a bit but Tatters soon comforted h he and the old soldier moored Enorma fast to a tree, so that the have proof of their valor when they met the King of the Isla were all warm from the encounter with the dragon, but it soon and it wasn't long before they began to shiver again.

"Wish we'd brought one of those house plants along," sighed

"Wish I could get my teeth in one of Mrs Sew-a ragamuffins," murmured Grampa, trudging gloomily over the sn

"Bill's found something," called Urtha, who was dancing a f ahead. Just then down came the weather cock to announce tha discovered the dragon's cave. It was tunneled out of a huge, sn and at one end burned a roaring fire. Dragons, as you kno flame as other creatures drink water and Enorma always kep pile of trees burning in her cavern.

"Bill, you're a real explorer!" cried Grampa and, taking off o medals, he hung it 'round the weather cock's neck. Stacked ag walls of the cave were great piles of frozen meat, for Enorma– of her false teeth—had been a mighty huntress. In a trice Gram bear steak sputtering on the fire on pointed sticks and nothi have been cozier than their breakfast.

"I told you our troubles were over," beamed the old soldier, Tatters a portion of the steak on a tin army plate. "All we ha now is to claim the reward, find the King's head and journey

Ragbad." Grampa grinned with satisfaction.

"But how can we do that?" asked Tatters dubiously. "Th ocean and the sandy desert between."

"Don't worry," advised Grampa, settling comfortably before "This old Chin Chilly will be so delighted to have the dragon o way that he'll probably send us home in a golden ship with ou full of diamonds. How will you like that, Loveliness?" U playing hide and seek with Bill but at Grampa's words she cam the fire.

"I'll like it if Tatters does," said the little flower fairy, smili at the Prince of Ragbad.

"Well, I'll like it," admitted Tatters, "especially with *you* a we can dance on the deck and play scrum. Why, I've never ha teach you yet. Grampa, won't you lend us your leg?"

"Not now," objected the old soldier. "Duty before pleas children. Remember that we have not found this Chin Ch claimed the reward. As we're warmed up and fed we'd be hunting again."

"Here I go by the name of Bill," crowed the weather cock, out of the cavern. Grampa stowed some of the dried bear me knapsack and then, forming his little company in line, gave the march away.

"First we'll have another look at the dragon," said the old "and then we'll try to find the palace of Isa Poso."

So down the snowy hill they marched and slid and they come to the banks of the stream when harsh voices from the o of a clump of trees made them stop short.

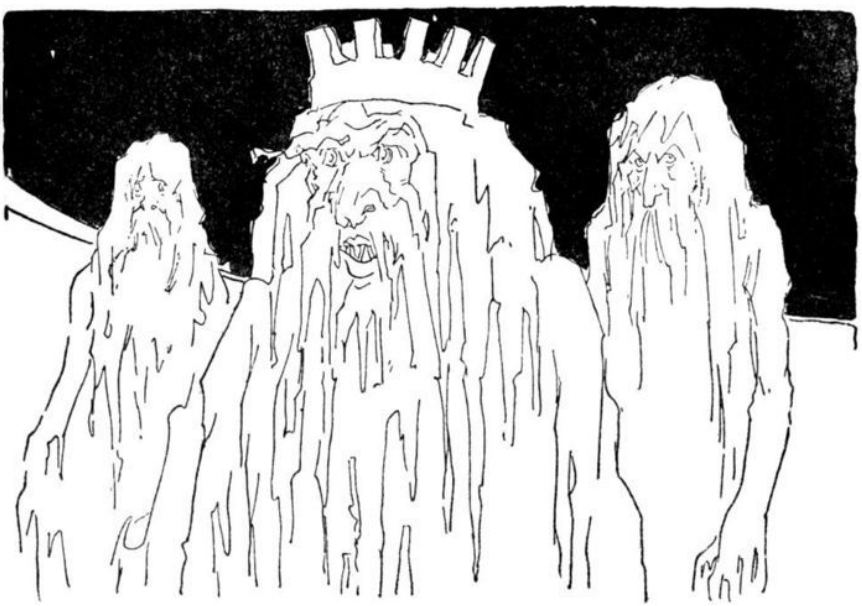
"Flowers!" screamed the first voice. "Pull them up, tread the Who dares to plant flowers on Isa Poso?"

"Foot-prints, too, Chilly dear," grunted a deeper voice. "H animal with unmatched feet."

Dropping on his knees, the old soldier peered around the fr

trunks and saw two of the islanders bending over the tracks t
made when they chased Enorma. They were towering men
with faces of roughly cut ice and so cruel and forbidding in app
that just to think of them makes me shudder. Fortunately Gra
not so easily frightened as I am.

"Animals indeed!" spluttered the old soldier. "Company!
march!" And Grampa rushed through the trees so fast that Tat
Urtha had to run to keep up. So suddenly did they burst out u
little group of islanders that several of the snow men f
backwards.



"Where is the King?" shouted Grampa, giving his drum such
that three more of the company collapsed. But they quickly re
themselves and, instead of answering, the tallest snow man f
his arms toward Urtha.

"Stand still!" he commanded angrily. "You're ruining my
Look at the foolish creature cluttering up the place with flowers

Urtha shrank back toward Tatters and the young Prince, sp

with indignation, grasped his umbrella and prepared to att
Grampa restrained him and with another resounding whack of h
strode up to the speaker.

"Is this your island?" asked the old soldier, stamping his gam

"Yes, and what are you doing on it?" demanded Chin
stamping his snow foot. "Just to look at you makes we want to

"Go ahead and melt," advised Grampa coldly—by this time
very cold—"but before you do and before you give us any more
chin music, hand over the reward. I lay claim to half the Kingd
the Princess in the name of Prince Tatters of Ragbad!"

"Has he slain the dragon?" asked the King, with a gasp of
His manner changed at once and, looking as pleasant as a fell
icicle whiskers well can, he turned to Tatters. The Prince of
nodded shortly, for he had not forgotten the King's rudeness t
and Grampa waved his sword toward the body of Enorma, still
half in and half out of the water. Running down to the edg
stream, the snow men began to hug one another and dance
down with excitement.

"This way! This way!" chuckled Chin Chilly, rubbing hi
together gleefully. Grampa, his head held high and his chest th
proudly, followed—for Grampa felt that this was a great da
history of Ragbad—but Tatters was beginning to have misgivin
the Princess of Isa Poso.

CHAPTER 13

Tatters Receives the Reward

Prince Tatters had little time to think of either the ship fortune, for after a short march over the snow, Chin Chilly across a small neck of land and the little army found themsel great block of ice, only connected with the island itself by the strip on which they had crossed. A messenger had alrea dispatched for the Princess and, standing first on one foot the other, Tatters impatiently awaited her approach. Urtha, reme Chin Chilly's distaste for flowers, kept perfectly still, holdin Tatters' coat-tails and peering anxiously in the direction the m had taken.

"Just like the old days; just like the old days!" boasted

stamping up and down to keep warm. But when, a moment l
Princess of Isa Poso actually appeared, the old soldier nearly
under his hat. Yes, really! For the Princess was a maiden of
wrapped in her robes of snow, she stared at the Prince of Ra
frigidly and with such cold and dreadful disdain that a chill r
his spine and icicles formed on his lashes.

"My boy," stuttered Grampa, rushing over to his side, "I'
we've been a bit hasty. Let us consider this matter a little furthe

"None of that," fumed Chin Chilly, bustling forward hastily.
that. My word is my word. I insist upon keeping it."

"We'll take your word if you'll keep your daughter," began
quickly. But, advancing with mincing little steps, the icy Princ
out her hand. Her nose was so long and sharp that it made
squint but before he could make any objection she seized his
her cold clasp. At the same moment all the snow men exce
Chilly sprang back across the little neck of land.

"Run!" panted Grampa, tugging Tatters by the coat.

"Run!" gasped Urtha. But before Tatters could run there
blinding flash. Chin Chilly had raised his sword, snapped
daughter's hand and, seizing her by the other one, he dragged
across the strip of land. Then, before a body could wink, the sn
with their sharp axes chopped away this connecting link,
Grampa and his company marooned on the desolate iceberg.

"You have my daughter's hand, but she's already grown a
shouted Chin Chilly maliciously. And so she had! The little part
ice could plainly see that for themselves. "You have my da
hand and *that* is your half of the Kingdom," shrieked the wret
snow King, nearly bending double at his own joke.

"Half the Kingdom and the Princess' hand!" snorted the old s
a fury. "I'll snap off his whiskers! I'll pound him to snow flakes!

Gathering himself together, Grampa prepared to jump bac
Poso. But Tatters, flinging the hand of the Princess as far as h
seized Grampa around the waist. And it is well that he did, for

there was a great stretch of tumbling waters between the icel
the island.

"He has no more honor than a swordfish!" spluttered
breaking away from the Prince. "I've never been so insulted in

"Where is the golden ship?" demanded an indignant voice.
are the diamonds? What have you done with the Princess?"

Dropping with a thud that sent a shower of ice splinters into
the weather cock planted himself before Grampa. He had been
all over Isa Poso for Chin Chilly and had arrived just in time t
friends sailing off on the iceberg.

"Oh, Bill!" cried Urtha, giving the iron bird an impulsive
thought you were lost!"

"Where is the golden ship? Where are the diamonds?" insi
weather cock, slipping out of Urtha's embrace.

"Oh, go crack yourself some icicles," muttered the old soldier
He did not like to be reminded of his cheerful prophecy. "G
yourself some icicles, Bill, that's all the diamonds you'll get."

“There isn’t any ship—nor any diamonds—nor anythin
Tatters, wrapping the skin of the old thread bear more tight
him and staring drearily over the tossing waters of the Nonestic

“But you don’t have to marry the Princess,” Urtha remin
softly, “and even if this isn’t a golden ship couldn’t we dance
happy?”

“Well, if we don’t dance, we’ll freeze,” fumed Grampa, begi
stamp up and down. “We’ll freeze anyway,” he predicted g
“Look pleasant, my boy. We might as well freeze as attract
possible. They’ll carve us a monument on a block of ice, n
‘Frozen in the line of duty!’”

Tatters coughed plaintively and began to tramp sadly up ar
after Grampa.

“Don’t freeze,” begged the little flower fairy, clasping her
distress and keeping step with the down-hearted adventurers
where’s that funny bottle?” she asked suddenly.

“The medicine! What have you done with the wizard’s me
crowed the weather cock, flapping his wings. Now so m
happened to the old soldier since the eruption that he had
forgotten Gorba’s cure for everything. But at Urtha’s words he
it out and, there, listed under colds, chills, frost bites and e
Grampa found a remedy for their troubles.

“You’ve saved our lives, my dear,” sighed the old soldier, m
out four drops for Tatters on a spoonful of snow. And everyth
better after that, for as soon as Grampa and the Prince swallo
marvelous mixture they began to tingle with warmth and
iceberg could not long be cheerless with a little fairy like Urtha
Everywhere she stepped gay posies blossomed and soon the
circles and circles of them bobbing in the bright sunshine. U
Bill did not feel the cold, and as Grampa and Tatters were n
proof, their whole outlook changed. The huge iceberg was slidi
through the choppy waves at high speed and the sensation was
pleasant but highly exhilarating.

“Which way are we going?” asked the old soldier, sittin recklessly on a cake of ice.

“East,” announced the weather cock, after twirling arou times like a top.

“That’s good,” sighed Grampa, “for East of us lies Oz and th we come to Oz, the farther we get from Isa Poso.”

“I never want to see it again! And if that is a sample Princesses, I’ll be like you, Grampa, and never marry,” said th taking a seat beside the old soldier. “I think, myself, that if we my father’s head, we’d better just go home anyway. We cou hard in the gingham gardens, raise bigger crops and—”

“And I’ll help you,” smiled Urtha, drifting about over the ic old-fashioned bouquet and filling the frosty air with a lovely fra

“But the fortune,” objected Bill, staring at the Prince in hor have to find the fortune.”

“That’s right,” agreed the old soldier, remembering Mrs S Sew’s words about refurnishing the castle. “We mustn’t give up because we’ve bumped into some odd and chilly places. Jus there are lots of Princesses in Oz, and fortunes too!”

“Well I prefer fairies,” sighed Tatters, with a smile at Urtha.

“Look!” cried the little flower girl delightedly. “Let’s pretend silver ship and there—” as a spray of crystal drops dashed over of the iceberg—“there are the diamonds! Let’s dance!” She lo coaxing and so cunning that Tatters sprang up impulsively and went skipping, sliding and twirling all over the ice until th dancing on a perfect carpet of flowers.

“Teach her the Ragbad quadrille,” called Grampa. “If we’ back with a fortune, there’ll be high old times in the red ca Urtha will want to know the dances the same as the other gir I’ll play it for you.”

Seizing his drum sticks, the old soldier broke into the measures of the Ragbad quadrille and soon Tatters and Urt

bowing and gliding, turning three times to the left and four to t
pretending to change partners with a dozen imaginary court
troubles and dangers forgotten.

"This reminds me of old times," said Grampa, stopping at l
lack of breath. "And you'll never be a wall-flower, my dear!" c
the old soldier, wagging his finger at the little fairy.

"Let's play scrum," proposed Tatters, who was perfectly b
too.

"Oh let's!" cried Urtha. So Grampa obligingly unfastened h
leg, and the Prince and little flower girl were soon deep
mysteries of the queer old game of scrum, Bill keeping score o
and the old soldier, with half closed eyes, thinking of the good
when he was a lad and a hero to all the pretty girls in Ragbad.

"First peaceful moment we've had since we left the old c
mused Grampa and, reaching down, he picked up his pipe and
Tatters had removed them from the game leg before they st
play. Absently Grampa filled his pipe from one of the pouc
blue pouch he had taken from Vaga, the bandit. All this time it
forgotten in Grampa's game leg. Without realizing that he had
robber's tobacco, Grampa felt for a match. At the same mome
and Tatters finished their fifth game of scrum and, closing up t
leg, they buckled it back in place.

"Now tell me all about Ragbad," begged Urtha, leaning
Grampa's knee. This Tatters was only too delighted to do, for th
Prince was heartily homesick and, as he could not be in Ragbad
about it was the next best thing. So he told little Urtha all a
pigeons and the Redsmith and Pudge's tower—where you c
clear out into Jinxland—and of the fun he and Grampa had in
castle and of Mrs Sew-and-Sew's garden. The old soldier nodd
time to time and at last, taking up his pipe, he began to smo
began, for at the third puff a simply astonishing thing happe
vanished instanter [and you know how quick that is]. Tatters t
a great black crow, Urtha to a crow of vari-colored feath

Grampa, himself, to an old crow with a game leg.

"Help!" cawed the old soldier, dropping the pipe from his beginning to hop wildly over the ice.

"Daisies and dahlias, I can fly!" twittered Urtha, circling aloft on Tatters and try it!"

"He's a crow!" shrieked Grampa. "I'm a crow, you're a crow happened and where's Bill?"

"Here I am," screamed a frightened voice. But though the and stared they could see nothing at all—for Bill had turned to crow, which of course can only be heard and not seen.

"Poor Bill, there's nothing left but his crow," cawed Grampa.

"It's magic," gasped Tatters.

"It's that pesky wizard," added the old soldier, stamping h foot and ruffling up all his feathers, for Grampa did not rea smoked Yaga's tobacco.

"But now that we're crows why not fly?" asked Urtha mer did not seem to mind her feathers at all. "Let's fly back to Oz!"

“Why, so we can!” cried Tatters. “All the way over the
Ocean and sandy desert, straight to the Emerald City itself. So
helping us, Grampa,” finished the Prince of Ragbad, fluttering
air.

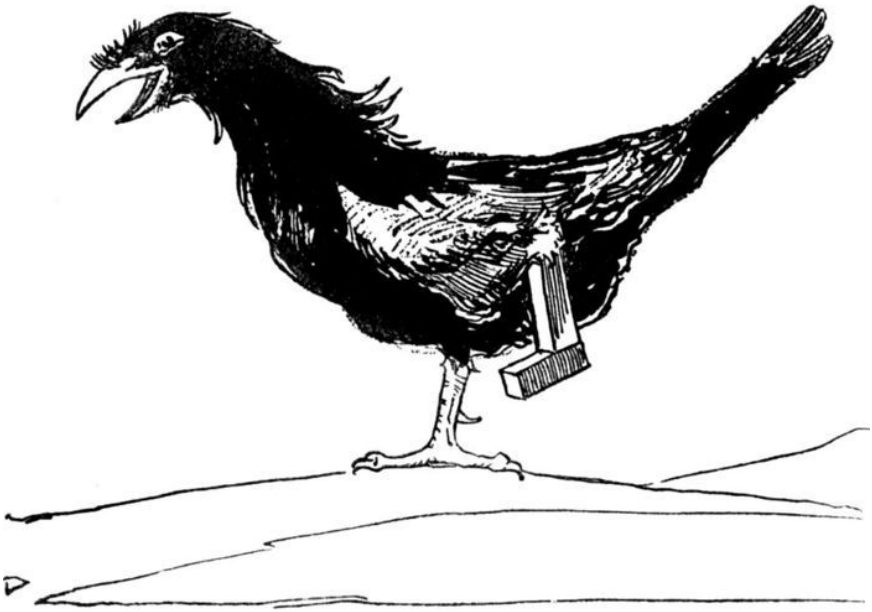
“Wish they’d mind their own business,” croaked Grampa
“Being a crow is no help to me. But come on. We might as
while we can. Bill, you lead the way and see that you keep us
East and crow every few minutes, will you, so we can hear wh
are.”

“All right,” agreed the weather cock readily, and they could
the flutter of his iron wings that the puzzled bird had gotte
way.

“Here I go by the name of Bill!” he crowed loudly. “Inv
chortled the old soldier, rising into the air. “Come on crows!”

Tatters quickly followed Grampa and after Tatters flew Urtha
and higher and higher, until the iceberg became only a tin
bobbing up and down in the blue waters of the Nonestic Ocean.

For a time the adventurers flew in silence, each one ponde
strange events that had crowded upon them in the past few
“Invisi-Bill” continued to lead the way, Grampa, Prince Tat
Urtha winging after him.



CHAPTER 14

On Monday Mountain

"Good sleep, how did you enjoy your morning?" asked Pe
brightly.

"Pretty well," smiled Dorothy, sitting up with a little yawn. "
you enjoy your sleep?"

"There was a rock in my bed," said the Forgetful Poet thou
"and then I got trying to think of a word to rhyme with schnetz

"How about pretzel?" suggested Dorothy, smiling a little to h
the Forgetful Poet's earnestness.

"And what is a schnetzel?" Dorothy smiled sweetly.

"It's a green mocking bird," explained Percy Vere, tossing
hair, "and it does live on pretzels. My dear, you have a w

mind."

"Woof!" interrupted Toto. He had been up for hours and wa breakfast. The three travellers had been forced to spend the nig deep forest to which the runaway had brought them. The Forge had piled up a soft couch of boughs and leaves for Dorothy a but had flung himself carelessly under a tree. However, it to than a hard bed to dash Percy's spirits and, after running up a a few paces to get the stiffness out of his bones, he began to si top of his voice, filling in the words he forgot with such comic up ones that Dorothy could not help laughing.

"I think we are going to have a lucky day, Mr Vere," said girl, hopping up merrily. "Don't you?"

Percy, who was washing his face in a near-by brook, no vigorously that the water splashed in every direction.

"I should say!—April, May!" he called gaily.

"Why do you put in April May?" asked Dorothy, running splash her own hands in the brook.

"To keep in practice," puffed the Forgetful Poet. "Is that aeroplane? Is that clear—summer's here? I'm always afraid I s out of rhymes," confided Percy, drying his face on his yel handkerchief. "So when I'm talking in prose, I usually add a li my breath."

"Oh!" said Dorothy, and lowered her head so that the Forge would not see her smile. "You'll like Scraps," observed presently. "She's a poet too." And as they walked through the forest, Dorothy told him all about the Patch Work Girl, who liv Emerald City. Scraps, as most of you know, is one of the mos characters in Oz, being entirely made from a patch work q magically brought to life.

"Does she make better verses than I do?" asked Percy jealous

"No," answered Dorothy, shaking her head, "not any bet yours are such fun to finish." This speech so tickled Percy Vere

recited a verse upon the spot, waving his arms so ferociously t
hid under a rock. The little dog peered out from his hiding
hear the strange young poet deliver this jingle—which his littl
head could not comprehend in the slightest:

"As I came out of Snoozleburg,
I met a melon collie;
He wept because he said he felt
So terribly unjolly!

"I patted him upon the head;
He bit me on the shin—
Which goes to show just what
A horrid temper he was—was—

"In," giggled Dorothy, "and did he really?"

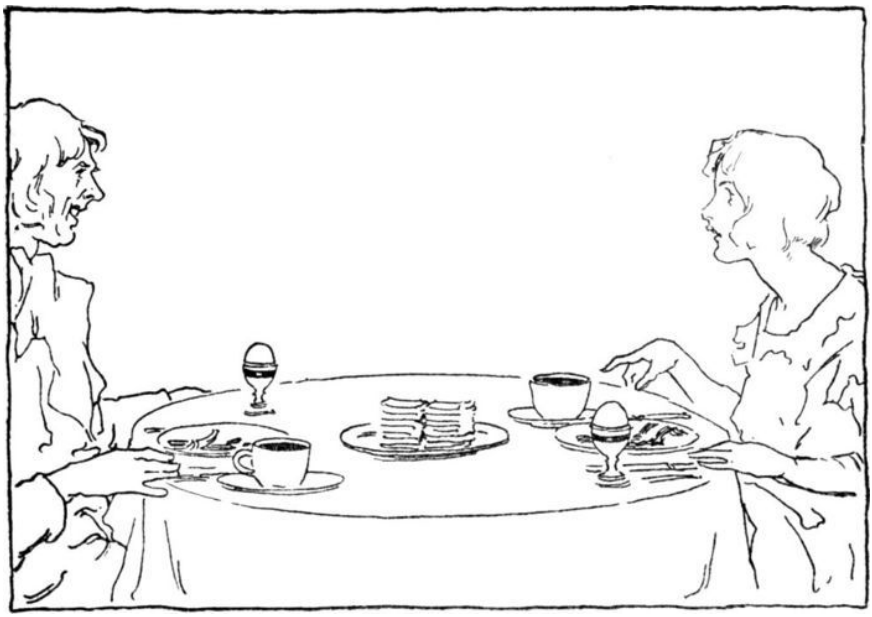
"No, unreally," chuckled the Forgetful Poet, leaning down
Toto's ear an affectionate little tweak. "Unreally! Unreally! Unr
unreally as the breakfast we had this morning. Dorothy, my dea
weak as tea!"

"Well, you don't look it," laughed the little girl mischievousl
see a hut between those two pines. Perhaps someone lives there

"Tut tut! A hut;
Let's hasten to it!
If the door is shut
I'll jump right—?"

"All right!" said Dorothy merrily. "C'mon!"

The door was shut but when the Forgetful Poet turned the
opened easily and they found themselves in a small, simply f
cabin. There was no one home, but there were eggs, coffee, ba
bread in the cupboard, so Percy made a fire in the little st
Dorothy quickly prepared an appetizing breakfast.



"It must belong to a woodcutter," said Dorothy as they s
cozily together, "and I don't believe he'll mind."

"I'll leave a poem to pay for it," said Percy loftily.

"And I'll leave my ring," added Dorothy. She was a little a
woodcutter might not appreciate Percy's poem.

While Dorothy washed up the dishes Percy scribbled away h
some sheets of paper he had found on the table and, after a go
corrections, he pinned the following verse up on the wall:

"We've eaten up a little bacon
And eggs and such and now are takin'
Our leave. Accept our thanks, and you
Should feel a little honored to
Have entertained with humble fare
A really celebrated pair—
A Princess and a Poet, who
Wish you good-luck, good-day, a—"

Dorothy took the pencil and added a large dieu to Percy's

Then, leaving her gold ring on the table, she skipped after the F
Poet and Toto, who were already out of doors and anxious to be

"Which way shall we go?" Dorothy paused a moment. "I t
Emerald City is in this direction," she decided at last, facing tow
West.

"Well, I hope so," sighed Percy Vere, "for otherwise we sha
find the Princess. I wish I'd flung that prophet out of the windo
do!" You see the young poet was getting very much discouraged

"But even if you had, there still would be the monster
about," Dorothy reminded him. "And if she's lost from us, s
from the monster, too!"

"That's so," said the Forgetful Poet, cheering up immediate
think of everything, don't you. I'm going to write a book of ver
you when I get back to Perhaps City."

"That'll be nice," smiled Dorothy. "But let's hurry up and see
we can be by noon-time." And hurry up it certainly was, for
Dorothy had chosen grew steeper and steeper. It wound in
among the trees and was so rough and full of stones that they
stop every once in a while to rest.

"It's a mountain—go fountain!" panted Percy Vere, after t
toiled steadily upward for more than an hour.

"Never mind," puffed Dorothy, tucking Toto under her arm-
poor bow-wow was completely worn out—"when we reach
we'll know where we are."

The trees had thinned out by this time and clouds of vapor
top of the mountain from view, but Dorothy and the Forget
kept climbing upward—on and on and up.

"It's a dreadful blue mountain," said Dorothy at last, leaning
a rock.

"It's blue as blueing," groaned Percy Vere, shaking a stone o
shoe. "What's this?"

"What's that?" cried Dorothy, in the same breath. Now th
happened—was a clothes horse, full of petticoats and pajamas
the two travellers stared at it in disbelief it kicked up its p
dashed off at a gallop, its petticoats and pajamas snapping
breeze. And that was a wash woman—a wild, wild wash wo
hair dragged up on top of her head and held in place by a c
clothes pins. She had a clothes prop in one hand and a cake o
the other. Hurling both with all her might at Percy Vere, sh
and scrambled up the mountain, screaming in a dozen differen
she scrambled. The clothes prop missed, but the great cake
caught Percy squarely in the stomach.

"Ugh!" grunted the Forgetful Poet, sitting down from the sho

"How rude, how rough, how awfully wasteful—
The lady's manners are dis—dis—?"

"Gusting," panted Dorothy—who was too frightened to

rhyme.

"Can you fight?" she asked breathlessly, helping Percy to hi
think there's going to be a fight. Look!"

Percy snatched up the cake of soap that had felled him and t
see what was coming. Through the clouds of steam that hung
mountain top there suddenly burst a terrible company.

Toto hid his head in Dorothy's blouse and the Forgetful Po
think of no verse to express his feelings. No wonder! A charge
wash women is enough to frighten the bravest traveller and
exactly what was coming. An army of wash women armed w
bars of soap, bottles of blueing, clothes props, wash boards, t
baskets. They were huge and fat, with rolled-up sleeves and c
faces, and the faster they ran the crosser they grew, and the
they grew the faster they ran.

"Doesn't seem polite to fight the ladies, but—" Percy raised
and flung the cake with all his might at the head of the ac
army. It struck her smartly on the nose and, with a howl of r
dropped her wash tub and rushed upon the two helpless advent

"Wash their faces! Iron their hands and wring their nec
roared hoarsely.

"What are you doing here you—you—scutter-mullions!"

Before either could answer, and Percy was racking his brains
of a word to rhyme with scutter-mullions, she had Dorothy by
and the Forgetful Poet by the other, shaking them until they
have spoken had they tried—while the others pressed so c
Dorothy told Ozma afterwards) it's a wonder they weren't sm
on the spot. But at last, weary of shaking them, the wild wash
flung them down upon a rock.

"You're a disgrace to our mountain!" she panted angrily. "
your clothes!" (To be quite truthful Dorothy and the Forget
were looking shabby and dusty in the extreme.)

"Give me his coat! Give me her dress! Snatch off their

screamed the other wash women, making little snatches at the the rock.

Percy put his arms protectingly around Dorothy and Toto sh his teeth and began to growl so terribly that even the head of t women stepped back.

“What are you doing on Monday Mountain?” she de indignantly.

“Monday Mountain?” gasped Percy Vere. “Did you he Dorothy? We’re on Monday Mountain! Great blueing, bl blueing!” finished Percy, with a groan.

“Stop mumbling and speak up!” shouted the wash threateningly.

“Stop shouting and shut up!” barked Toto unexpectedly.

“We’re searching for a Princess,” explained Dorothy, in the s silence that followed Toto’s remark.

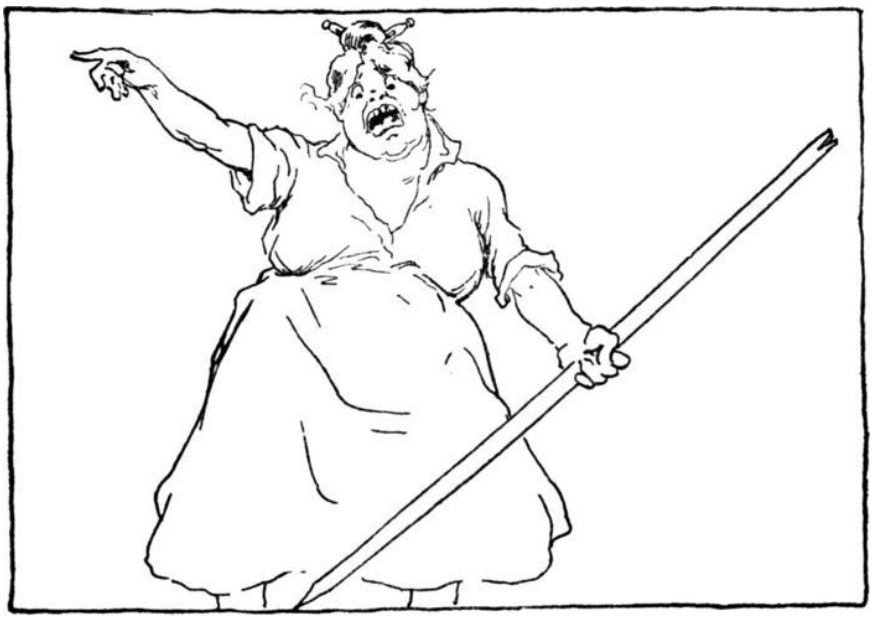
“A Princess! Oh, mother!”

Out from the dreadful group sprang a perfectly enormous wa

“Tell them, tell them!” She gave the leader of the tribe a push. “Oh, mother, may I have him?”

“My daughter is a Princess,” announced the wash woman “Princess of the Tubbies, and as this yellow bird pleases her remain.”

“And marry me?” exulted the Princess of Monday Mountain, her fat hands in glee.



“Marry you!” shouted Percy Vere, springing to his feet. Absolutely no—domi-no! Dorothy. Dorothy, do you hear what saying?”

Dorothy did not, for she had both hands over her ears. Th and screams of the Tubbies, at Percy’s refusal to marry their were so shrill and piercing that she thought her head would s the racket.

“To the wash tubs with them!” screamed the Queen furiously their faces, wring their necks, hang them up to dry!”

And, seizing upon the luckless pair, the wild wash women b

struggling and kicking to the top of Monday Mountain—Toto after—and the herds of clothes horses that graze on the moun scattering in every direction as they passed.

CHAPTER 15

The Finding of Fumbo's Head!

For an hour the three crows and Invisi-Bill flew steadily
Nonestic Ocean, and flying was so unusual and pleasant a s
that they were too interested to talk. Besides, Grampa had warn
in the beginning to keep all their strength for flying, for there
telling how long they would remain crows and it would be e
dangerous to change back while up in the air and over the oc
except for the occasional calls of Bill to let them know which
go, they crossed the great ocean in silence.

"Land!" screamed the weather cock, as the rocky shores of
into view.

"Well, that's over!" cawed Grampa, alighting thankfully on
cliff. "Now we must cross this country and the sandy desert. A

tired?”

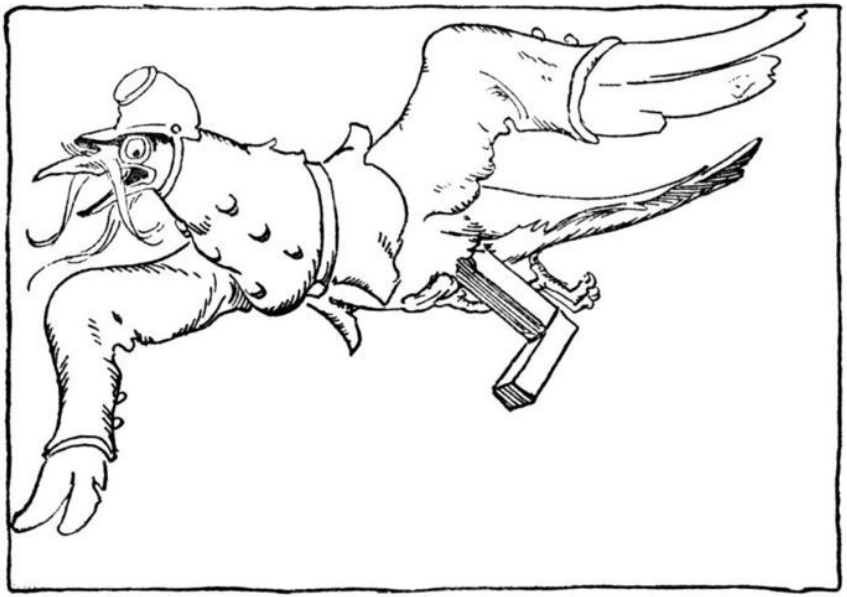
Urtha and Tatters shook their heads and no one could see w
did, so after a few minutes’ rest they rose into the air again a
swiftly over Ev—on and on until they reached the great des
entirely surrounds the magic Kingdom of Oz.

“Fly higher!” commanded the old soldier, for he had read so
the deadly nature of this desert that he wanted to be as far ab
possible. So the little flock of crows and Invisi-Bill soared high
air and they crossed the desert even faster than they had cro
Nonestic Ocean, fear lending speed to their wings. And when at
lovely land of the Winkies spread out below them, the old sold
a crow of delight. “Just keep on this way and we’ll be in the
City by noon time!” exulted Grampa. “Forward for Ragbad and

“And flying is such fun,” chuckled Urtha, circling close to
soldier. “I don’t care how long I am a crow. But, oh Mr Grampa
a gun sticking through your feathers.”

“What?” croaked the old soldier in alarm.

“I feel heavy,” spluttered Tatters suddenly, and Grampa s
from the waist down he was Tatters and from the waist up he
crow.



“Down! Everybody down! Down as fast as you can fly,” ord
old soldier in a panic. He himself could feel his feathers tu
clothes and his wings seemed too light to hold up his body. Ha
and half falling, half people and half crows, the little compa
downward, and it is mighty lucky they started down when they
it was, they turned back to themselves and landed at one and t
minute, and the landing was so hard that, for a moment, no o
at all. The old soldier broke the silence.

“Why, there’s Bill,” cried Grampa, who was sitting calml
middle of a yellow rose bush. He had grown somewhat used t
about by this time. “How do you feel, Bill?” asked the old
extracting several thorns from his person.

“How do I look?” asked the weather cock anxiously.

“Handsome as ever,” said Grampa, eying him closely.
invisible hasn’t hurt you at all, and how are the rest of my old c

“I’m all right,” smiled Urtha, jumping up lightly. The littl
maiden was looking as beautiful as ever.

“So am I,” said Tatters, “but I’d like to know how we happ
turn crow, and whether it’s going to happen often. You know,
it would be mighty inconvenient to be turning backwards and
any minute. I am sure it would be very unpleasant.”

“Well, it helped us over a couple of bad places,” mused
soldier. “The mischief, boys! I’ve lost my pipe!” Grampa clap
hand to his pocket and the other to his chin.

“You dropped it when you were a crow,” Tatters remind
Grampa did not answer, for out of his pocket he had drawn
tobacco pouch of Vaga, the bandit. In the excitement followi
disappearance all the tobacco had spilled out, but the pouch
had thrust into his pocket just before he turned crow. Here, at
it was, and on the flap this amazing sentence: “To turn people t
smoke this tobacco. One puff will keep a company of captives c
one hour, two puffs, two hours, three puffs for three hours, and

“So that’s the reason there were so many crows in the blue
shouted Grampa indignantly. “So that’s why we turned to cr
three hours to the minute,” he puffed, pulling out his watch.

“What *are* you talking about?” asked Tatters crossly.

“Us,” chuckled Grampa. “It was the bandit’s tobacco that
trick.” Showing them the blue pouch, he explained how he had
the magic tobacco instead of his own and how just three puffs
them crows for three hours. “A couple more puffs and we’d ha
all the way to the Emerald City,” sighed the old soldier reg
“How-some-ever, marching is more to my taste.”

“What about eating? That’s more to mine.” Tatters yawn
flying had made him quite hungry.

“All right,” agreed Grampa, and, unfastening his knapsack,
out one of the dried bear steaks and busied himself with makin
Fortunately they had lost none of their possessions by turning
—that is nothing except Grampa’s pipe.

“I love this country,” said Urtha, sitting solemnly beside
soldier. “I believe I like Oz better than the wizard’s garden.”

“It’s the top of the world,” boasted Grampa, dropping the st
his campaign frying pan. Tatters, meanwhile, had found a pi
tree and came back with his cap full of plums, so that he and
had a most satisfying luncheon. Bill, as usual, was searching
fortune and, while they were eating, Urtha merrily skipped rop
long spray of honeysuckle.

“Cheer up, boy,” said the old soldier, for the Prince was
rather thoughtful. “We’re on the right track now and only
march from the capitol.”

“Storm coming! Storm coming!” shrilled the weather cock, c
down suddenly beside the fire. “Wind! Thunder and possible sh

“Oh, g’wan!” scoffed Grampa, gathering up his tin camp dish
g’wan, Bill.”

“I don’t want to go on,” said the weather cock stubbornly. “
storm coming, I tell you.” And sure enough, at that minute, a g
of wind scattered the camp fire, blew off Grampa’s hat and sent
of leaves scurrying over the meadows. Tatters reached for
umbrella, which was never far from his side and Urtha, her
skirts flying out like ribbons on a May pole, came hurrying back

“I’ve thought of something!” screamed Bill. He had to sc
make himself heard, for the wind had risen to a perfect gale
King’s head was lost in a storm, why wouldn’t it be found in a s

“Snuff and nonsense!” shouted the old soldier, picking up his
jamming it over his ears. Then, as the first spatter of rain came
down, he dashed under the big red umbrella. Tatters had all
do to hold it steady and several times the wind nearly jerked
the air. So Grampa seized the handle with both hands and Urt
took hold.

But it was no use. The gale was too much for them and bef
had time to let go, the red umbrella whirled up like a balloon,
them all along.

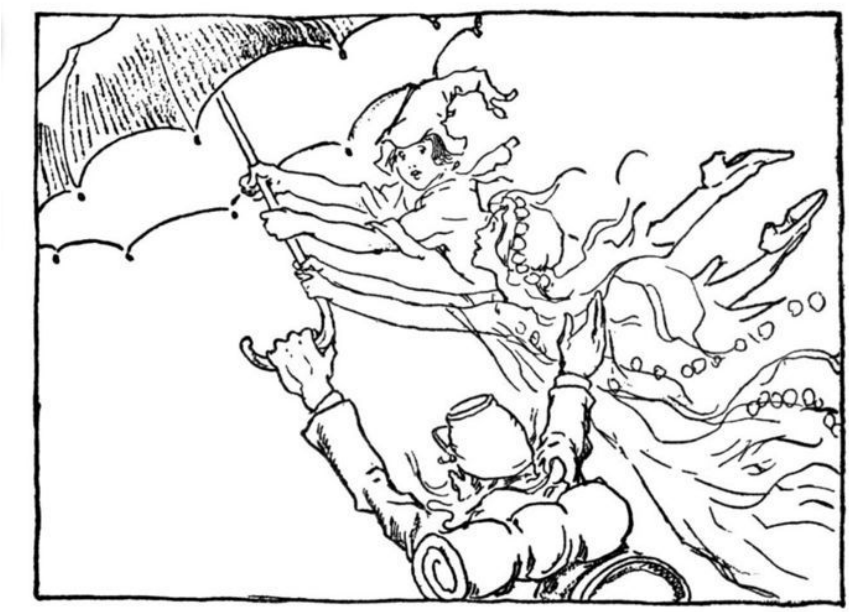
“Here I come by the name of Bill!” shrieked the weather c
flinging himself aloft, he scrambled on top of the King’s umbr

even Bill's weight could not bring it down.

"Why this," laughed the little flower fairy, as the umbrella s toward the clouds, "this is better than flying!"

"Better hold on," advised Grampa grimly, "there's nothing us and earth, but air." The wind rose higher and higher, swirled all around them and tossed them about like rag dolls. T clung desperately to the umbrella but in ten minutes they h above the storm area and were sailing straight toward a great pink skyland. About halfway over, the umbrella drifted downward and Grampa and Tatters, rather uncertainly, stood u pink clouds.

"Will we drop through?" asked the Prince doubtfully, still hold of the umbrella. After a few steps they found it quite as s the real earth.



"How soft it feels," murmured Urtha and, letting go of the u she began skipping over the fluffy cloud meadows, posies spri

wherever she stepped, just as they had on Isa Poso. And so f
beautiful did the little flower girl appear against the pink of th
that Grampa and Tatters simply gasped and a little sky shep
who had been resting on a cloud bank, picked up her crook a
running over to touch Urtha.

"Are you a fairy?" asked the little shepherdess breathlessly.

"Are you a Princess?" demanded Bill, fluttering down in fro
little sky lady before Urtha had time to speak at all. Bill never
anything to interfere with business.

"Oh, no!" The cunning little lady swung her moon bonnet an
out her skirts, which were all embroidered with stars. "Oh, no,
a shepherdess!" she answered modestly.

"Well, we're looking for a head, a Princess and a fortune," ra
impatiently.

"What do you shepherd?" asked the old soldier, push
hurriedly aside. "I didn't know there were any sheep in the sky.

"Not sheep," cried the little maiden, throwing back her h
laughing heartily, "not sheep, but stars! I tend all the baby s
keep them from falling out of the Milky Way," she finished,
shyly at Tatters.

"You do," marvelled the Prince of Ragbad, "well, where
now and what do you call yourself?"

"I never call myself, but the stars call me Maribella," answ
little shepherdess, with a demure bow. "They're asleep now.
really looking for a Princess?"

Tatters nodded and Urtha, slipping her arms around Ma
waist, kissed her on both cheeks.

"I wish you were the Princess," sighed Urtha, stepping back
wistfully at the little sky maiden.

"Why?" asked Maribella curiously.

"Because you're the only one we've seen who is lovely en
marry the Prince," said Urtha. Tatters looked mightily embarr

Urtha's speech and Grampa, drawing Maribella aside told her th
story of their adventures.

"Well," mused the little sky maiden as he finished, "there ar
Princesses or fortunes in the sky, but there are lots of heads he
clouds."

"There are!" roared Grampa in astonishment. Maribella nodd

"Didn't you know many earth people have their heads
clouds?" she asked seriously. "Why there's a whole company
on the other side of this very hill."

"Forward, march!" cried the old soldier excitedly. "Urtha,
Bill, fall in with you!" So fall in they did, and Maribella was r
on the other side of the cloud hill were nearly a hundred heads
lightly on the pink clouds. Some were smoking, some stared
ahead and others were carrying on a lively conversation
themselves.

"Father!" screamed the Prince of Ragbad, for King Fumbo's h
almost the first they spied. Fumbo was talking quietly to the he
inventor of market baskets with legs and he turned in some su
Tatters' call.

"The head! The head! We have found the head!" crow
exultantly, and burst into such a hurrah of cock-a-doodle-d
several of the smokers dropped their pipes and King Fumbo
positively frightened.

"Your Majesty," said Grampa reproachfully, as Bill finally s
"how could you leave us like this? We've been through earth,
and water to find you."

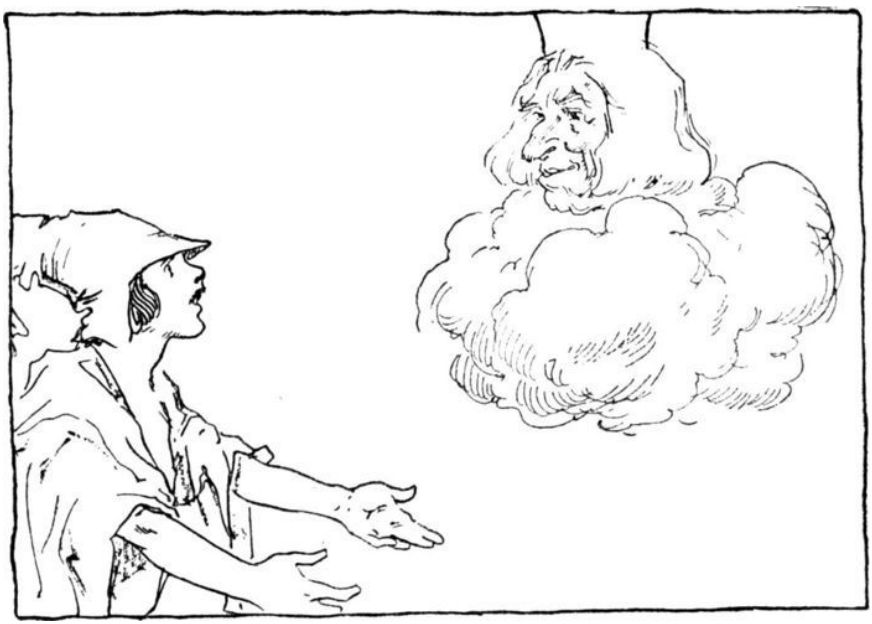
"Well, I guess the jig's up," sighed Fumbo sorrowfully, "but
a great treat, Grampa, getting off like this. How's everybody?"

"Everybody was well enough when I left," said Grampa a b
for he couldn't help feeling that Fumbo could have got home i
wanted to. "Everybody's well enough, except your own body
looks mighty silly with the doughnut they have given it."

“So they gave me a dough head! Well, won’t that do?” a
King fretfully of the old soldier.

“Oh, father, please come back,” begged Tatters, falling on h
before the King’s head.

“You must certainly resume your body,” declared the old
sternly. “How did you get up here in the first place?”



“It was the storm,” began Fumbo, rolling his eyes from on
other. “My head never was on very tight, you know.”

Grampa nodded dryly. “So it blew off,” continued the King
“and then I had on a wing collar,” Fumbo coughed apologetica
the thing flew right well, so I flew till I came to this cloud and
been ever since. I suppose I must go back if you say so, but it
business, old fellow. How are you going to get down from he
did you get up? Who is this little Miss Rosy Posy and that iro
bird you have with you?”

“This is Urtha,” explained Tatters proudly. “We found h
enchanted garden. And that’s Bill. We found him in the blue fo

—oh, father, we've had such strange adventures."

"Tell me all!" sighed Fumbo, closing his eyes and smacking with anticipation.

"Not unless you come back with us," said Grampa craftily.

"We were in an island of fire," began Tatters, while Urtha, pressed close at his side, nodded excitedly.

"What!" exclaimed Fumbo, opening his eyes as far as they w "I'll come!" he decided hastily, "and you must tell me every s of the story."

Grampa smiled slyly, Tatters promised and before he coul his mind, the old soldier thrust the King's head into the Maribella had used for her knitting. Then, accompanied by the shepherdess, Grampa and his army prepared to leave the sky. T heads looked very sulky as they passed by but, paying no atte their mutterings, Grampa marched to the edge of the great pink

"Now what?" mused the old soldier, staring down anxious there any steps or air ships about, my dear?"

Maribella shook her head. "But there's a rainbow," sh suddenly. "Could you use that?" Arching from the edge of t and down as far as they could see, curved a wide glittering ra for the storm was over and the sun was shining through the Dancing down the rainbow came a fairy almost as lovely a herself. It was Polychrome, the Rain King's daughter, an Maribella explained that Grampa and his company were from insisted upon kissing them all—for Polychrome had visited in times and had met with some fine adventures there.

"Come on," cried Polychrome gaily, "I'll show you how to tra rainbow." Seizing Urtha by the hand, she began running down as you and I would run down steps. Calling good-bye to M Grampa and Tatters quickly followed, the Prince carrying his head and the red umbrella and Grampa balancing Bill u shoulder.

“Now all we have to find is the Princess and the fortune couple of new pipes,” sighed Grampa.

“Ah, let’s go home without them,” begged Tatters eagerly. “I show Urtha the castle and the pigeons. We don’t need a fortu happy, Grampa.”

“Now don’t give up yet,” advised Grampa, turning to wag h at the Prince. “There’s always a fortune at the end of the r Look! I believe we’re coming down in the Winkie country, ar we do,” Grampa pulled his whiskers determinedly, “I’m goin myself an anchor. I’m tired of this flying and falling about.”

“Use me,” crowed Bill, but as he spoke the bow grew sud very slant that instead of running they began to slide—faster a and faster.

“Good-bye,” called Polychrome mischievously. “I’d come w but it’s my Daddy’s birthday and we’re having a party in the sky

Just as Polly came to “party,” Grampa and his army came to of the rainbow and tumbled off in fine style. None of them wa the tumble, and all scrambled to their feet as quickly as they co

“Good-bye, Polychrome,” called Urtha. She was the only o had breath enough to speak.

“Good gracious,” puffed the old soldier, “I hope we’ve no your father’s head.”

“Well, if it’s not broken it’s badly cracked,” raged the King from the inside of the bag. “If you’re going to fling me about I’ll not stick with you, do you hear?”

The adventurers smiled and silently put their fingers to th and King Fumbo decided that further protest was useless.

CHAPTER 16

Princess Dorothy Escapes

The two days that Grampa and his little army had been adv
in the wizard's garden, on Fire Island and Isa Poso, Dorothy, T
the Forgetful Poet had spent as prisoners on Monday Mounta
the friendship of Princess Pearl Borax had saved them fro
harm, for the Queen of the Tubbies had nearly carried out her
wringing their necks. But the Queen finally had sentenced the
wash tubs, and from morning till night Dorothy and Percy V
been forced to bend over the wash boards with the rest of
wash women tribe.

Several times during the first day Percy Vere had almost a
marry the dreadful daughter of the old wash woman, for he c

bear to see dear little Dorothy working like a slave. The Forge
himself had never done any hard work, and in an hour he had
all the skin from his knuckles and all the buttons from the clot
Dorothy would not hear of his marrying Pearl Borax, so, hiding
discomfort, Percy did the best he could to keep her cheerful,
his ridiculous rhymes and waving the shirts, stockings and pa
around his head whenever the Queen's back was turned. I
keeping cheerful was hard work and often both grew downhear

"And Ozma thinks I'm having a fine visit with the Tin Wo
sighed Dorothy wearily, toward the end of the second day.

"And Peer Haps thinks I'm rescuing his daughter," groane
Vere, letting the Queen's red table cloth slip back into his
staring mournfully down Monday Mountain. Then seeing that
was actually near to tears, he tilted his cap over one eye and w
this verse into her right ear:

"It's wash, splosh, rub
And hang 'em up for dryin',
If sumpin doesn't happen soon
I'll simply bust out—?"

"Cryin'!" Dorothy smiled and dashed the tears out of her eye
comes the old lady!" she finished hurriedly.

"Isn't she simply sinoobious," sniffed Percy, dousing the r
cloth up and down in the water.

"What did you say?" roared the Queen of the Tubbies.

"I said," grinned Percy mischievously:

"Her Highness is so beautiful
Her brightness dims the eye,
I'll work here and be dutiful
Until the day I, I—?"

"Die!" spluttered Dorothy, and the clumsy Queen lumbered o
pleased smirk.

“Better make up your mind to marry Pearl,” she called
shoulder and Pearl Borax blew Percy a wet kiss over her tub of
Toto, who was tied to Dorothy’s tub, growled fiercely—for he
the whole tribe of sloppy, messy wash women.

“We must think of a way out,” gasped the poor poet unhap
life on Monday Mountain, where every day is wash-day, an
dinner is of potatoes and cabbage, was not to be endured. T
been over the matter a hundred times before and there really
no chance of escape at all. The tubs of the tribe were ranged in
around the mountain top, so that Dorothy and the Forgetful P
always under guard. A white fence ran around the mountain, a
below. You may have heard of a fence running around before,
was the first fence Dorothy ever had seen that actually did ru
tall and spiked and flashed ’round and ’round, till just watchin
one the headache. It was too high to jump and the gate on
opposite Dorothy and the Forgetful Poet once a day.

When they had been dragged up the mountain, the Qu
addressed a low word to the fence. Immediately it had stop
they had all come through the gate. But what *was* the word? E
his capture Percy Vere had been trying to puzzle it out a
leaning his elbows on his wash board, he began trying again. In
thought until he had twelve wrinkles in his forehead and all
like a flash of lightning, it came to him—such a short, sensib
that he gave a triumphant skip. Next instant he was splash
clothes in his tub so vigorously that none of the wild wash
heard him give Dorothy a few quick instructions. In five min
gate would be opposite and one minute before the five were
three prisoners dashed down the mountain.

“Stop!” shouted Percy Vere, imperiously hammering upon t
with a rock. Oh, joy! It did stop and, as the gate was now ex
front of them, Percy Vere opened it boldly and pulled Dorothy a
though. No sooner were they out than the fence began to spin
as fast as ever, so that before the wild wash women, who sa

escape, could follow the gate was half way around the mounta
howls of rage and fright—for the Tubbies knew that the Quee
be furious—the dreadful creatures overturned their wash tub
perfect torrent of hot soapy water came cascading down the m
side, upsetting Dorothy and the Forgetful Poet and making the
slippery that they never stopped sliding till they reached the
Breathless, drenched and shaken, but otherwise unhurt, they
themselves up and, without pausing to rest, all three began ru
fast as ever they could away from Monday Mountain.

"How—did—you—ever—think—of—telling the fence to
puffed Dorothy, stopping under a broad tulip tree.

"Had to!" gasped Percy, dropping heavily to the ground and
over to pat Toto, who sat, with closed eyes and tongue out, t
catch up with his breath. Then Percy delivered this gem:

"Far from the Tubbies, little Princess,
And wouldn't they starch and blue and rinse us—"

“Did you say Princess?” interrupted a voice. Dorothy and Pe
jumped and Toto gave a frightened bark—for sitting on a lowe
of the tulip tree was our old friend Bill.

“Did you say Princess?” crowed the weather cock. Percy
surprised to do anything but nod and the iron bird rattled int
screaming: “The Princess! The Princess!” and flew over the tree

CHAPTER 17

The Adventurers Meet

"I don't see any Princess," sniffed the old soldier, comin abrupt halt and eying the two travellers critically. Grampa army had barely recovered from their tumble off the rainbo Bill's cries, announcing the Princess, brought them hurrying to tree, where Dorothy and Percy Vere were resting.

"Am I dreaming?" gulped the Forgetful Poet, clutching D hand. "Am I dreaming or what?" His eye roved from Gramp leg to Tatters' many-hued suit and finally came to a rest on th little flower fairy.

"There is the Princess," insisted Bill, pointing his claw at Dor

"Snuff and nonsense!" snapped the old soldier scornfully. "

regular false alarm, Bill, always going off at the wrong tim
that's only a dusty little country girl and no proper match for th
at all!"

Grampa's lofty speech brought Percy quickly out of his dream

"Don't you be so migh and highty," muttered the Forgetf
drawing himself up proudly. "You don't know what you're
about, you—"

"No offense! No offense!" observed Grampa coolly. "It's
child's fault that she's not a Princess. I dare say she's a very n
girl, but we're looking for a Princess!"

"Why, so are we!" cried Dorothy in surprise. "But you need
impolite."

"She is a Princess, too, and do you mean to stand there and
that that young ragbag is a Prince?" Percy Vere stared at Tatt
and earnestly and then, rolling up his eyes murmured feelingly:

"A Prince of rags and scraps and patches,
And then they talk to *us* of matches!
The Prince of what? The Prince of where
He has a bird's nest in his—er in his—"

"Hair," giggled Dorothy. Poor Tatters blushed to his e
hurriedly tried to smooth out his hair with his fingers.

"Come on!" cried Grampa indignantly. "They're crazy!"

"If you'll believe he's a Prince, I'll believe she's a princess,"
soft voice and Urtha, who had been listening anxiously to th
speeches on both sides, danced up to the Forgetful Poet.

"That's fair enough," agreed Percy Vere, smiling at the littl
fairy:

"You believe in us, and we'll believe in you,
And if *you* say so I'll believe that six and one are—are—?"

"Two," said Dorothy, "only they're eight. You mustn't mind
forgetting. You see, he is a poet," she explained hastily.

“Let me out! Let me out! What’s all this noise?”

Dorothy and the Forgetful Poet exchanged frightened glan
Toto crept back of the tree-trunk with only one ear showing
voice certainly had come from a bag on the Prince’s shoulder.

“Not a dream, but a night mare!” choked the Forgetful Poe
Prince of Ragbad calmly took his father’s head out of the knit
and held it up toward them.

“Don’t be alarmed,” purred Fumbo in his drowsy voice, as
clung to one another in a panic.

“I’m not alarmed, I’m—I’m petrified!” gasped Percy, looking
shoulder to see whether the path was clear in case he should
run.

“It has a crown on,” whispered Dorothy nervously. “It m
King. I once knew a Princess who had dozens of heads and to
off. Maybe he’s like that.”

“You’re speaking of the Princess Languidere, I presume,”

Fumbo. Being a great reader, Fumbo was well acquainted wit
celebrities in Oz. “No, my dear, I am not like that; as it happe
only one head and it blew off, as you can plainly see. This yo
you see here is my son and he is carrying my head back to m
And now you may tell me *your* story,” commanded the King,
graciously. His glance rested curiously on Dorothy. “You are k
me already,” continued the King. “Grampa, this is Princess Do
Oz, and she is even prettier than her pictures, if you will perm
say so.”

“I told you she was a Princess,” crowed the weath
triumphantly. “Have you a fortune with you, girl?”

“The Dorothy who lives in the Emerald City?” gasped Tatter
dropping his father’s head. “The Dorothy who discovered Oz?”

Dorothy nodded modestly and Grampa, covered with conf
the memory of his sharp speech, tried to hide behind Tatters.

“Never mind,” laughed Dorothy, seeing Grampa’s embarrass
really don’t look like a Princess now. You see we’ve had such
journey, falling down a mountain and all, we’re kinda rumpled.

“We’ve been through a week of wash-days,” groaned Per
straightening his jacket and looking ruefully at his red hands. “I
I didn’t realize you were a Prince.” He turned contritely to
“Mistakes all around, you see.”

“Well, we’ve had a hard time, too,” admitted the Prince of
making another frantic attempt to smooth his hair.

“Ask her if she has a fortune?” insisted Bill, settling heavil
Prince’s shoulder.

“Hush!” said Tatters, giving Bill a poke.

“Oh, goody! goody! We’re all going to be friends.” Urtha sp
her flowery skirts and danced happily around the little grou
forget-me-nots and daisies! Oh, dahlias and pinks!”

“And you’re the whole bouquet, Miss May!” cried Percy Ver
was immediately interrupted by Fumbo.

“Stop!” cried the King’s head. “Let us keep these stories strai
said you were looking for a Princess. What Princess?”

“Company, sit down!” ordered the old soldier gruffly.
commanded the expedition so far and was not going to be
around at this stage of the game. Tatters and Urtha promptly
the Prince carefully holding his father’s head in his lap. Doro
Percy Vere, after their long run, were glad enough to rest. S
they all sat in a big circle under the green tree, Bill and Tot
center, staring at one another curiously.

“Now, then, Mr er—Mr—” Grampa nodded condescendingl
Forgetful Poet.

“Vere,” put in Percy politely.

“Now then, Mr Vere, let us have your story,” said the old
taking a big pinch of snuff. So, with many interruptions fr
Fumbo—who seemed to know all about Perhaps City—and mar
into verse, the Forgetful Poet told of Abrog’s prophecy ab
monster, of the strange disappearance of the little Princess an
himself, of his tumble down Maybe Mountain and of his and D
adventures since then on the Runaway and Monday Mountain.

“Humph,” grunted the old soldier, when he had finished. “I
trust a prophet as far as I could swing a chimney by the smo
prophet has run off with her. You can bet your last shoe button
and, since we are searching for a Princess ourselves, we might
look for the Princess of Perhaps City. What do you say, m
Grandpa glanced questioningly at Tatters.

“I’ll be glad to help Princess Dorothy and this—this poet
Already Tatters had made up his mind to return with Urtha to
regardless of fortunes and Princesses.

“No buts about it,” roared the King’s head indignantly. “Sh
splendid match for you, my son, and Peer Haps, from all report
of the merriest monarchs in Oz. Why, I dote on him already!”

“Can’t all this wait till we find the Princess?” protested Pe
nervously. “No use rushing matters, you know.” All this

marrying rather upset him. Tatters looked gratefully at the l
Poet and decided to forgive him for his rude verse.

"Of course it can wait," agreed the Prince heartily. "The first
do is to rescue the Princess."

"No, the first thing to do, is to tell us who you are,"
Dorothy, who could restrain her curiosity no longer. "Why, w
even know your names or how you happened to be in this part

"We followed the directions on the bottle," explain
importantly. "We fell, swum, exploded, sailed and flew!"

"You tell them," begged Tatters, looking appealingly at
soldier, for he could see that Bill was going to mix things dread

"Yes, you tell us," commanded Fumbo. He had not yet h
story of their journey from Ragbad himself, and was even more
about it than Dorothy. So Grampa took the center of the circ
next to fighting, the old soldier loved to talk and, next to
talking was the best thing he did. His recital of the experienc
little army during the past three days was so thrilling that Dor
Percy simply held their breath and Toto's ears waved with exc
Dorothy was particularly interested in Bill and the strange m
which he had been shocked to life. Being from the Unite
herself, it seemed real homelike to meet a fellow countryman
he was only a weather cock. As for Percy Vere—who had live
life on Maybe Mountain—nothing could exceed his astonish
Grampa proceeded from one adventure to the next.

"Do you mind if I close my eyes," Percy muttered weakly, as
reached the point in his story where they had discovered Urtha
in the wizard's garden. "Do you mind if I close my eyes? I can
anything with my eyes shut."

"Not if you close your mouth also," snapped Grampa and w
on with his story, never even stopping for breath until he had
their last tumble from the rainbow.

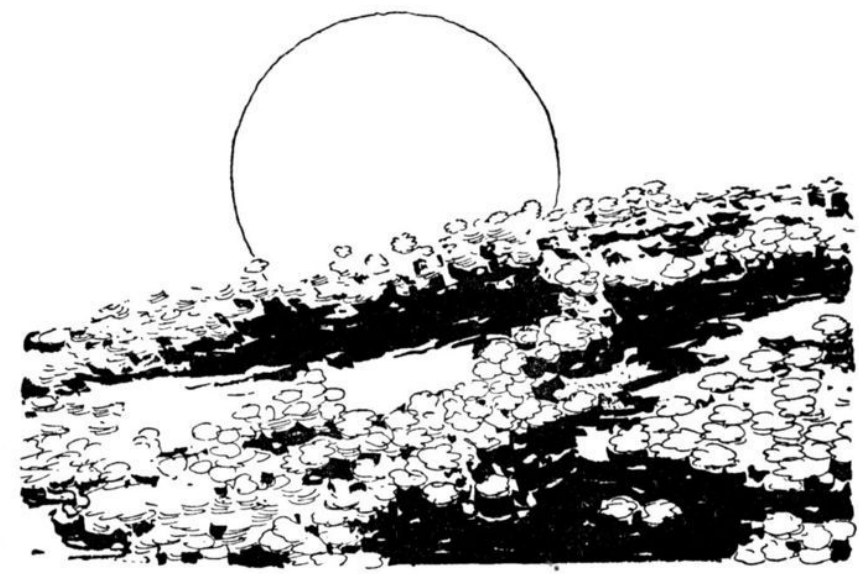
"Professor Wogglebug will have to write a whole new
breathed Dorothy, as Grampa settled back in his place, "and O

never allow the bandit to stay in the blue forest nor Gorba to
magic in his hidden garden. Oh, my! I do believe you can hel
the Princess after all. You are so brave and interesting." Doroth
at Grampa and Tatters and the Forgetful Poet, opening his eye
dreamily at the little flower fairy.

"If I had my arms, I'd embrace you all," exclaimed Fumbo f
"and you shall have hugs all around as soon as I get back to n
You're a credit to the country, and Bill here shall have a perc
highest tower in Ragbad and little Miss Posies—"

"But the Princess!" exclaimed Bill anxiously, "and the fort
can't go back without them!"

"Too late to hunt for them to-day," chuckled Grampa and
while they had been talking, the sun had dropped down be
daisy splashed hill, leaving the world bathed in a pleasant dusk



"We're all tired, so we'll have supper and make camp here,"
Grampa sensibly. "Then to-morrow we'll start after that prop
gun, musket, sword and bootleather!"

“That’s the talk!” cried Percy Vere, jumping up to help Tatte
wood for a fire. With such good company, the last of the bea
from Isa Poso and the berries gathered by little Urtha tasted be
a feast, and nothing could have exceeded the jollity of that
’round Grampa’s camp fire.

Between the Forgetful Poet’s verse and the old soldier’s jok
were simply convulsed and finally, when they had talked ov
adventures to heart’s content, Dorothy, Tatters, the Forgetful
Urtha settled down to a quiet game of scrum. Soon the only sou
heard was the click of the checkers on Grampa’s game leg and
snores of Fumbo’s head, which hung from a branch of the tuli
the pink knitting bag of Maribella, the little sky shepherdess.

CHAPTER 18

The Mischievous Play Fellows

Bright and early next morning Grampa lined up his little ar after a short council, they determined to continue their marc Emerald City and learn from Ozma's magic picture just wher and the lost Princess of Perhaps City were to be found. A breakfast had been a light affair of water and berries, they we excellent spirits and, with Grampa's drum beating out a lively they stepped merrily down the shady Winkie Lane. Grampa Forgetful Poet led off, Dorothy and the Prince of Ragbad follo Prince carrying his father's head and his red umbrella. Urtha d and out to suit her own sweet fancy, Bill flew ahead and Tot contentedly behind.

"Here I go by the name of Bill!" crowed the weather cock ex

“By the name of B-hill!”

Grampa winked at Percy Vere and Percy Vere winked back. ridiculish?” whispered the Forgetful Poet merrily. “But then, ridiculish in spots.” His eyes rested a moment on Grampa’s g “Yes,” continued Percy Vere, with a droll nod, “everything, w come to think of it, is simply sinoobious. Why do we call ours army, pray, when we might just as well call ourselves a footy? not as many feet as arms? Why do we say ‘Good-day’ on morning and—”

“One thing at a time, one thing at a time!” objected the ol testily. “Aren’t you afraid you’ll strain your brain, young man?”

“I think and think both late and early,
For thinking makes the brain grow curly!”

chuckled the irrepressible poet, at which Grampa beat such upon his drum that the next verses were quite drowned out. Bu as Grampa stopped drumming, Percy burst out again:

“I met a spick and Spaniard once,
He was so spick and span,
He even had his toes curled up
Believe me, if you, if you—?”

“I can believe anything Mr Vere,” said Grampa grimly.

“Then try this!” roared the Forgetful Poet, waving his arms.

“If fifty boats and fifty crews
Were gathered in a group,
Why wouldn’t it be proper, Sir,
To call the crews a croup?
Admit, old dear, that this is clear—
As clear, as clear as—”

“Soup!” groaned Grampa in spite of himself. “Vegetable s added bitterly and, reaching in his pocket, jerked out the

medicine.

"What are you doing?" asked Percy curiously, as he ran h
hurriedly down the green label.

"Looking for a cure," said the old soldier, raising his e
significantly. But there was no cure for forgetful poetry on t
label, so with a sigh Grampa returned the bottle to his pocke
can't be cured must be endured," said the old soldier glu
pursing up his lips, he began to whistle a sad tune. Dorothy an
exchanged amused glances and Urtha, who had been skippin
Percy Vere, touched him on the arm.

"Is the Princess of Perhaps City pretty?" asked the little flo
timidly. She could not bear to think of Tatters marrying
Princess.

"I should guess, mercy yes!
I should say, April, April—?"

"Trouble ahead! Trouble ahead!" crowed Bill, before anyo
finish the verse. Just then a turn in the lane brought them plun
huge fenced-in park. The fence was much too high to cli
stretched as far on either side as they could see.

"I never saw this place before," said Dorothy, peering
between the bars, "but maybe if we knock on the gate someon
us in. Then we can march through and out the other side."

"Here's the gate," called Percy Vere, who had run a little wa
right, "and here's a sign."

"Play!" announced the sign over the gate. "All work
grounds forbidden." Just below was a smaller sign—"No trespas

"Well, we don't want to trespass, we want to jes' pass t
chortled the Forgetful Poet and, before anyone could stop him
hammered hard upon the gates. Immediately loud roars of
sounded all through the park, footsteps scurried over the lawns
next instant the gayest company that Dorothy ever had se
crowding forward—Pierrettes and Pierrots, hundreds of them,

in full skirted frocks with tall saucy caps, the men in pantalo
and frills. While they smiled and waved through the bars, the
Play, who looked, as Dorothy told Ozma afterwards, exactly lik
jester—the King himself swung open the gates and, with a l
invited them to enter. So, of course they did, and before Gram
give the order to break ranks or fall out, or even say Hello,
Fellows had fallen upon his army and simply borne them aw
Bill escaped and nervously he hovered over his friends, determ
necessary, to drop on the heads of this exuberant company.

"Wait! Stop! Halt!" puffed the old soldier, who was being
toward a merry-go-round by five of the mischievous Pierrettes.
and Percy Vere were being rushed as unceremoniously to the
while a dozen of the Pierrots were begging Urtha for a dance.
holding his father's head high above his own, was hustled off t
wooden slide and to nothing that any of them said would
Fellows pay the slightest attention. Indeed, there was so mu
and confusion, they could not have heard if they had tried
played and fountains played and the Play Fellows played, and t
of the swings and the squeak of the merry-go-rounds and the
the delighted Pierrettes and Pierrots, as they hustled their visit
one amusement to another, were enough to deafen a gate po
after one shocked glance at the boisterous company, scampered
hid himself in a button bush, where he watched anxiously for
to escape. Poor Bill, trying to keep all of the company in view
flew in dizzying circles over the park, almost cross-eyed from th

After his sixteenth merry-go-round, Grampa gave up t
explain and, staggering over to a soap bubble fountain, fell in.
Play Fellows quickly pulled him out and insisted upon his join
game of tag. The only bright spot in the whole dreadful experie
the finding of a bubble pipe, which Grampa hastily picked from
and thrust into his pocket.

Percy and Dorothy fared no better. "This is worse than w
groaned the Forgetful Poet, as a wild company of Pierrettes

them ’round and ’round the mulberry bush.

“Play! Play! Play!” shouted King Capers, dashing from g
group and banging the company right and left with his be
beribboned scepter. “Play! Play! Play!”

“I never knew fun was such hard work,” panted Tatters to F
was circling immediately above his head. The poor Prince w
and blue all over from sliding down the slides, but every
objected the Play Fellows would pull him to the top and scre
merriment as he came sliding down again. There were too ma
to fall on, and Bill—powerless to help—screamed his ra
indignation at the mannerless crowd. There was much to be s
marvelled at in the play grounds, but as the company agre
playing when you want to play and being forced to play are tw
different things, so that the balloon vines, top trees and checke
went almost unnoticed. Indeed all that any of them could thin
getting away.

Urtha was the first to make her escape. The little flower f
been treated so gently and considerately by Grampa and Tatte
her coming to life in the enchanted garden, that she did not kn
to make of the rude manners of the Play Fellows. When the
snatching flowers from her hair and pulling her roughly from
place, her violet eyes widened with terror and dismay. Watc
opportunity, she sprang away from them and sped like the wi
across the gardens. Now the runner does not exist who can out
a fairy, so it was not long before Urtha left her tormentors beh
better still, the little flower fairy had run directly into a wic
leading out of the play grounds. Opening the gate she slipped
and then, because she was still frightened, she kept runn
running till she was as lost as one raindrop in a thunder shower

There is no telling how long the others would have been f endure the teasing of the Play Fellows, if a gong had not sound a distant part of the grounds. Immediately the whole company off: and, without waiting to find out the meaning of the bell, C army rushed to the nearest exits.

"I'm done for!" gasped Percy Vere, rolling under a tree. "Let up like a pretzel and bake—I mean die!" Toto, who had follow upon the heels of the harassed company, curled up beside him.

"But where's Urtha?" cried Tatters, staring around wildly. " Grampa?"

"She ran away long ago," crowed Bill, flying over the fenc way!" He pointed his claw toward the East.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear, where *is* the old soldier?" wailed jumping up and down with impatience. "We ought to get aw here quick."

“I’ll find him,” volunteered Bill. “Wait here.” Back went the
weather cock and, after flying over the entire play grounds, h
Grampa asleep under a checker bush.

“Wake up!” cried Bill, jumping up and down on his chest. “T
is clear. Forward march, by the name of Grampa!”

The old soldier stirred uneasily, rubbed his eyes and then sp
but immediately tumbled down again, for while he slept, the w
Play Fellows had run off with his game leg.

“What in time?” blustered the old soldier, picking himself u
But being a man of action and, seeing a crowd of Pierrettes e
from a big hall not far away, Grampa snatched up a long
croquet mallet and, using it as a crutch, hobbled with all h
toward the exit pointed out by Bill. Here he was met by Percy
Dorothy and after a startled look each seized one of his arms a
they ran as fast as five legs would take them. Percy carried th
head and Dorothy the red umbrella. Tatters had dropped both
discovered that Urtha was missing and had dashed off in searc

And it was not long before he picked up the trail, for every ste
flower maiden was marked out in daisies and forget-me-nots. P
attention to rocks, sticks, brambles and thorns, the Prince of
pushed on, his only thought to find and comfort the sweet and
fairy who had made the days so pleasant and the journey so h
them.

CHAPTER 19

Back to Perhaps City

Seated on a great gold cushion on the lowest golden ste
palace sat Peer Haps, pointing his telescope with trembling
down Maybe Mountain. It was the fourth day mentioned in
prophecy, the day the monster was to carry off the Princess, an
word had come from the Forgetful Poet. Between grief over th
his daughter and worry over Percy Vere, the poor old monarch
no sleep at all and was so cross and snappy that the pages and
went stealthily about on tip-toe, their fingers to their lips.

"Can't you make a verse, idiot?" roared the Peer, glaring
who, with another telescope, sat close beside him. Perix mov
couple of steps and sadly shook his head.

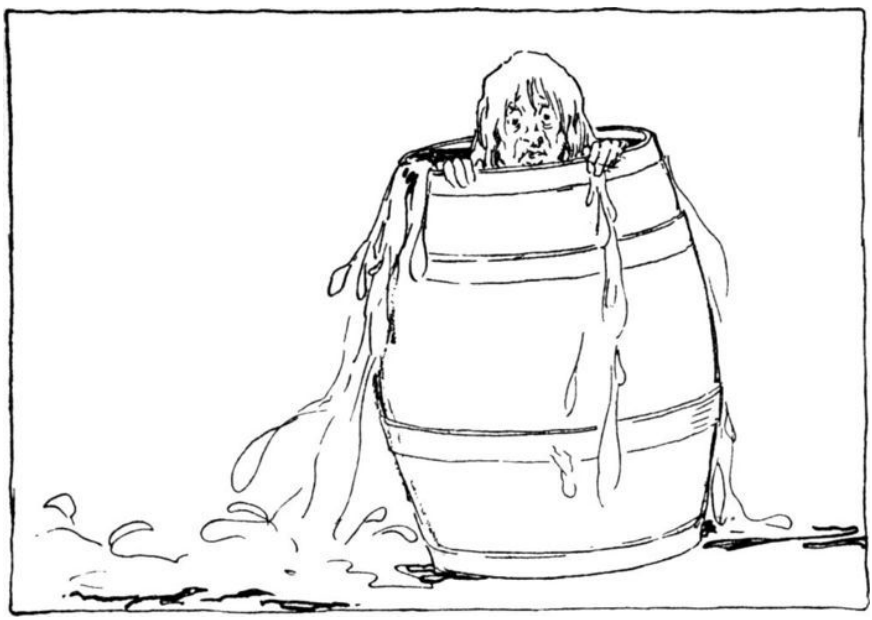
"But look," he stuttered in the next breath, "someone is co
the mountain."

“Is it the monster?” puffed Peer Haps anxiously. “Has it two
Dropping his own telescope, he snatched the young noblema
and glued his eye to the top. Then, with a loud shriek of joy,
open the gates and plunged recklessly down the steep mount
And certainly the dear old fellow would have rolled to the bot
not a sturdy oak intervened and put a stop to his plunging. It
fortunatest place of all for a stop, because, right below
climbing easily over the rocks and stones, was the lost Princess
Not quite herself, perhaps, but enough so for her father to r
her. Holding tight to the oak, the old Peer leaned down and se
hand. The next instant he had her in his arms and was runnin
mountain as recklessly as he had just plunged down. But son
fairy kept him from tumbling and, once up the golden steps, he
past gaping courtiers and pages and never stopped till he had
the great throne room.

Setting the Princess on a green satin sofa, he gave her a h
and, without stopping to question her about her strange disapp
locked the door and rushed from the room. Beads of perspirati
out on his forehead. True, the Princess was found, but she certa
changed and, worse still, at any moment the monster might ap
carry her off. Thudding down the corridor, Peer Haps burst
apartment of the tall High Humpus of Perhaps City. Humpus
Chief Justice and attended to all state weddings. The P
determined to have the Princess marry Perix at once and se
monster matter once and for always. Explaining this as he wer
he dragged the scandalized Justice to the steps to fetch the gro
Perix had disappeared and with him every single young an
nobleman in Perhaps City. For though Peer Haps had run quick
his daughter in his arms, he had not run quickly enough, and
the mysterious change in the Princess had already spread over t

“She is bewitched,” Perix had whispered to the others in a p
—feeling in his bones that Peer Haps would insist upon him r
her anyway—the faint-hearted youth had hidden himself in

barrel and the other young noblemen, equally alarmed, had ru
darkest cellar in the castle. Hopping on one foot and then on th
Peer Haps called each one by name. But there was no respo
sinking down upon the golden steps, the poor King wept with
discouragement. But the Lord High Humpus had been staring c
mountain for signs of the monster, and now he plucked t
sharply by the sleeve.



"Look!" hissed the Chief Justice, every curl in his wh
fluttering with excitement. "Look!" Knocking upon the great
the city was a weary, travel-stained young stranger. It was the l
Ragbad. For the flower trail had led him straight to the foot o
Mountain. There he had lost his way, for Maybe Mountain is
with wild flowers of every description, so that it was impo
trace farther the footsteps of the little fairy. But Tatters had
nevertheless, determined, if necessary, to search the whole m
until he found her. Naturally, he did not know he was so
Forgetful Poet's old home. But when, after a hard climb he rea

mountain top and spied the splendid castle of Peer Haps, he de
continue his search there and waited impatiently for someone
the gates.

"He looks honest," sputtered the Chief Justice, raising hi
significantly, "and in spite of his rags he is not unhandsome.
—"

To the rest of the sentence Peer Haps paid no attention, fo
already flung down the steps and pulled Tatters through th
Grabbing him by the arm, he hurried him up the steps and a
hall before the startled Prince could say "Jack Robinson." T
High Humpus, straightening his wig, had dashed after them, an
Peer Haps unlocked the door of the throne room, he held Tatte
by the hand.

"What's the matter?" demanded the astonished youth.
exhausted and out of breath from his scramble up the m
"What's the matter? I am looking for a lost fairy. Have y
anything of her?" But instead of answering, the Chief Justice
fingers to his lips and drew the young man into the throne roo
There was a confused mumble of words, to which Tatters, who
too weary and breathless to argue, paid small attention. He
absently to some question of the white-wigged dignitary and
minute was being crushed in the embrace of the singularly
gentleman who had dragged him up the steps.

"You have saved us!" cried Peer Haps, tears of joy zig-zaggi
his cheek. "My son! My son! How can I ever repay you!"

"Son?" The Prince of Ragbad sprang back aghast. "Congratu
chuckled the Chief Justice, clapping Tatters on the back.

"On what?" gasped the bewildered young Prince, whirling 'r

"On your marriage." The Chief Justice made a deep bow to
cloaked figure, whom Tatters had not seen until now.

"My marriage?" The distracted youth clapped one hand to
and the other to his heart and fell backwards upon a page who
run in to announce visitors. But before the page could announ
Grampa, Percy Vere, Dorothy and Toto burst into the throne
had not been long before they, too, had picked up the flowe
Urtha and later the footprints of Tatters himself. You can ima
delight of the Forgetful Poet to find himself once more on
ground. It was a hard pull up, for the old soldier had but or
climb with, but they had finally reached the top of the mount
waving aside courtiers and servants, they had hurried immed
the throne room.

"Have you seen anything of a little fairy?" puffed all three
and then seeing Tatters, apparently having a fit in the arms o
they stopped short. "Why, Tatters, whatever's the matter?"
dropped the red umbrella and ran over to the Prince of Ragbad.

"Matter?" choked the poor Prince, tears streaming down his
"Matter! I'm married to I don't know whom—that's what's the
And before Dorothy could make head or tail of his story the

Poet and Peer Haps had rushed at each other with such an ou
of affectionate greetings, such hugs and claps upon the ba
nothing else could be heard at all.

"This is worse than a battle," groaned the old soldier, bracing
against the table.

"It's an outrage, an utter outrage. Pick me up! Pick me up!
hear?" The wig of the Chief Justice rose into the air and turne
three times. The voice had certainly come from a pink bag at
for the Forgetful Poet, in his excitement at seeing the old P
carelessly dropped Fumbo's head. Pale with terror, the High
fled from the throne room, and it was just as well, for there w
and confusion enough without him. As no one else heard Fu
had to stay where he was.

"But the Princess!" cried Percy Vere, extricating himself at l
the Peer's embraces. "I could not find her, but all these pe
going to help and—"

"Don't worry about that," beamed Peer Haps, waving tow

quiet little figure. “She is not only found, but married. Now monster appear if he dare. This young man has saved the day.”

“Do you mean to say you are married?” roared Grampa, thun the table with his fist and glaring over at Tatters. “Why didn’t for us? Where’s Urtha? Where’s the Princess? Why is she all co like this? I insist upon seeing the Princess.”

“One minute! One minute!” begged Peer Haps, stepping Grampa and the cloaked figure. “My daughter is bewitched and cannot be seen, but I’m sure the spell can be broken, and th

“And you’ve married a bewitched Princess?” With anoth glance at poor Tatters, Grampa bit off a piece of his bubble sank heavily into a pink armchair. Dorothy had been trying he unravel the strange mix-up and now stepped forward.

“Let Tatters tell what happened,” said the little Princess, her foot imperiously. “It wasn’t his fault, Grampa.” She spoke w firmness that Peer Haps fairly gasped. Then, stealing a secon and recognizing her instantly as a Princess Royal of Oz, he n for Tatters to speak.

So the Prince of Ragbad rose up and in breathless s explained how he had been seized at the gates of the city and into marrying the Princess.

“But isn’t that what you were going to do anyway?” aske Vere, when the Prince had finished. “Weren’t you looking for a and a fortune when I met you? And didn’t we all decide to Princess of Perhaps City? Well! Here she is—and there you only difference is that you have married her a little sooner t intended and saved her from an unknown and dreadful Nothing so terrible about that. My hat!” Percy Vere smiled coa the Prince and encouragingly at Peer Haps, for he did not lik any of his friends unhappy.

“But I was only going to rrr-rescue her,” wailed Tatters.

“The difference is that we haven’t seen the Princess,” put in more mildly. “We’d save anybody from a monster, but don’t yo

Mr Vere, it was unfair to marry Tatters to a Princess he's ne
seen?"

"Idiot," screamed a harsh voice. Whirling around, the
company saw a bent and dreadful old man standing just inside

window. “Idiot!” he shrieked again, pointing a long trembling
Peer Haps. “You have married your daughter to a monster!”

“It’s Abrog,” gasped Percy Vere, clutching Dorothy’s hand.

“Monster,” roared Grampa, and hopping over to the Pro
seized him by the beard. “How dare you call Tatters a mon
fight you!” puffed the old soldier furiously.

Jerking away, Abrog leaned down, picked up Fumbo’s head
it upon Tatters’ shoulders. “See,” he screamed wildly, “y
married your daughter to a monster with two heads.” And
Haps, who knew nothing of Tatters’ story, fell back aghast
stuck his head out of the bag and began scolding everyone in th

In the uproar that followed and while Percy, Dorothy, and
were trying all at once to explain things to the old Peer, the
himself began to move stealthily toward the Princess. Only Tat
this. Placing his father’s head carefully on the table, he reac
and, just as Abrog reached her, the Prince seized him roughl
collar. But he was not quick enough. Abrog had already snatch
the cloak and there—trembling and sorrowful—stood the Pri
Perhaps City, herself. Tatters loosed his hold upon the Prophet.

“Urtha,” cried the overwrought young bridegroom and t
frightened little fairy in his arms.

CHAPTER 20

The Prophet Confesses

You can well imagine the surprise of Grampa and his little discover that the flower maiden whom they had been loving while was really the lost Princess. How the story ever would ha straightened out had it not been for Dorothy, I have no idea.

“Why didn’t you tell us it was Urtha?” shouted Grampa, sha finger indignantly at Peer Haps. “And who is Urtha?” gas astonished old monarch, fanning himself with his crown, for h such a state by this time that he hardly knew what he was do daughter’s name is Pretty Good—isn’t it, my dear?”

The little flower fairy shook her head solemnly. “My name is she insisted softly. “Isn’t it, Tatters?”

“She’s bewitched,” groaned the King.

“She’s bewitching,” corrected Grampa.

“Stop! Stop!” said Dorothy. “We’ll never get things straight this way. Everybody sit down and—quick—quick—catch that P Abrog had been slyly edging toward the door, but the Forget with a quick bound, brought him back.

“Now then,” said Dorothy, when they were all seated, “I Abrog is at the bottom of the whole business. Let’s make him you bewitch this Princess?” she demanded sternly.

Abrog only mumbled and scowled and refused to speak “Better answer this young lady,” puffed Peer Haps warningly. ‘ Princess of Oz, and can have you well punished.”

“Speak up, you old villain!” shouted Grampa, waving his sw the Prophet’s head. But Abrog stood still and stubbornly refuse a word, until the old soldier suddenly bethought himself of the medicine. “Maybe there’s a cure for the tongue tied on this,” r Grampa. Taking out the bottle, he began to scan the green labe first sight of the medicine, a dreadful change came over the He turned a sickly green and began to tremble violently.

“Give me that bottle! Give me that bottle, and I will tell panted, trying desperately to snatch it from Grampa.

“Don’t you do it,” cried the Prince of Ragbad. “Why, Gr believe—I believe this is the wizard himself.”

“But it says ‘Gorba’” muttered the old soldier, holding the bo above his head. “Don’t you remember?”

“Gorba!” exclaimed Dorothy, writing the word with her fing air. “Why G-o-r-b-a is A-b-r-o-g spelled backwards!”

“Abrog and Gorba!” shrieked Percy Vere, bounding to his f poet instantly broke into verse in his customary style:

“Abrog and Gorba are one and the same—
A prophet and wizard wrapped up in one—one—one?”

“Name!” finished Peer Haps, almost tumbling from his throne

“This is the most exciting story I ever was in,” wheezed the

Fumbo, from its place on the table. The Prophet had fairly crun at Dorothy's discovery and, seeing that further resistance was he whined out the whole of his story. Determined to save Pret from the monster and marry her himself, he had decided to cha to mud. For a Princess as ugly as mud, even a monster wo marry, explained the old villain tearfully. So for this purpose carried her to the hidden garden, where all his magic applian kept. But so sweet, lovely and good was the little Princess of City, that the evil spell of the wizard, instead of changing muddy image as Abrog intended, had turned her into a bewitch flower fairy. Disappointed at the way his magic had worked, Ab nevertheless resolved to keep her under the spell until after th the prophecy and then change her back to her own self and m at once. But when he returned to the garden he found her gon had hurried as fast as he could back to Perhaps City. How he h robbed of his magic medicine on the first day he bewitched Ur how Urtha herself had been released by Tatters and Grampa, wo

"But what about this monster?" panted the old soldier, a finished speaking and began uncomfortably shuffling his fee golden floor.

"Let me see that prophecy," demanded Dorothy. The u Prophet drew the crumpled parchment from his sleeve.

"A youth, wrapped in the skin of an old bear—a youth w heads upon his shoulders and carrying a red umbrella—will m Princess of Perhaps City," read Dorothy in some surprise.

"Why, that's Tatters!" cried the little girl in delight.

"Of course it is," declared Grampa. "Why, there isn't any mo all. Whoever said there was?" He stared around triumphantly a Haps pointed angrily at the old Prophet, who was hopping ab vain attempt to escape.

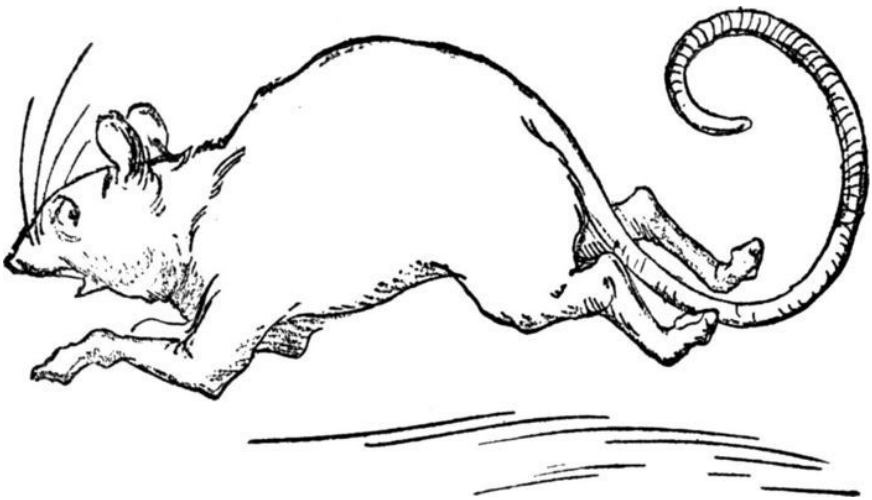
"What shall we do to him?" asked the Forgetful Poet, seizin by the collar and holding him, kicking and struggling, in the a said this and some said that, but it was Grampa, running h

quickly down the trusty green label, who finally decided the
For listed under sorcery he found a sure cure for Abrog.

"Break a saucer of the mixture over the sorcerer's head," dire
bottle severely. So a saucer was quickly brought and, pa
attention to the squalls and screams of the scheming old
Grampa broke it over his head. At the first crack of the chin
disappeared and, as every one jumped with surprise, a littl
mouse scurried across the room.

"Well, he won't do much harm in that shape," sighed Gra
Toto went sniffing all around the throne under which the mo
disappeared.

"But my daughter!" cried Peer Haps suddenly. "Who will u
the Princess now?" The company exchanged dismayed
realizing too late that they should have forced Abrog to di
Urtha before they punished him.



CHAPTER 21

Urtha is Transformed

You are probably wondering why Urtha herself had stood so during all the commotion in the castle. Well, in the first place flower fairy was so frightened by her experiences with the Play that her only thought had been of escape. With the Prophet's s gone all memory of her former existence as Princess of Perh and when Peer Haps had found her on Maybe Mountain and her back to the castle she was more frightened still. Not knowin she was, nor what to do, the confused little fairy had done no all. Trembling under the big cloak, she had stood and wa something terrible to happen and when at last she did hear the voices of Tatters and Grampa and thought they were angry at

trembled more than ever and was afraid to speak or move at
now that the mystery was about cleared up, Urtha was so happ
be with the Prince of Ragbad again that she paid small attentio
excitement about her enchantment. Neither did Tatters, for th
little flower fairy suited him exactly as she was. While th
whispering cozily about Ragbad and other terribly important
Dorothy and Grampa got their heads together and solved the la
adventurers' problems. For Dorothy, bending excitedly over G
shoulder, discovered a cure for enchantment on the wizard'
"Three drops on the head," advised the green label. Grampa
anxiously into the bottle, for he had poured nearly the whole
over Abrog.

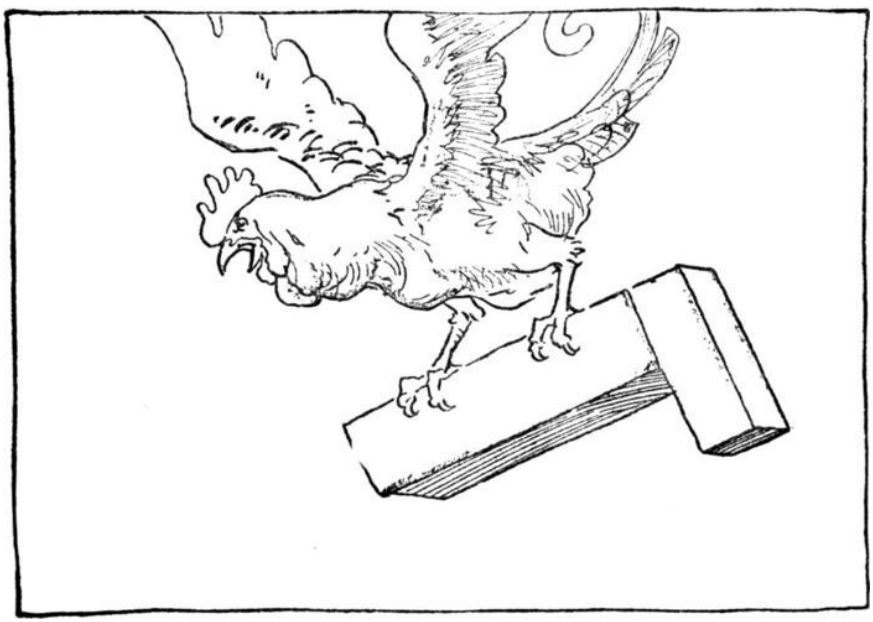
"Is there enough?" whispered Dorothy. Grampa, shaking
doubtfully, tip-toed over to Urtha and, while Percy Vere, Peer H
Dorothy watched with breathless interest, he shook the bottle
head. One drop! Two drops! And—after a violent shake—th
upon the soft fern hair of the little fairy. As the third drop fell
flower girl melted away before their eyes into a rainbow mist
colors. Out of the mist stepped a no less lovely Princess—a Pri
like Urtha that Grampa blinked and Tatters could hardly bel
senses. Though no longer a little lady of flowers, Urtha still ca
flowers' lovely colors and the flowers' lovely fragrance in her
little person. Violets were no bluer than Urtha's eyes; rose
pinker than Urtha's cheeks; apple blossoms no fairer than Urtha

Trembling with relief and happiness, Peer Haps clasped he
arms and, with the little Princess on his knee, insisted on heari
word of the long, strange story. And about time it was that he
all this while he had been trying to explain to himself the pre
Fumbo's head. But when Grampa had told their adventur
beginning to end, Peer Haps welcomed the King of Ragbad as
as if his whole body were present, and they all sat down to ta
over.

Just as Grampa was telling again exactly how they had di

Urtha, there was a loud screech in the corridor, and in flew t
weather cock, whom no one had missed in the terrible commot

"Here I come by the name of Bill," crowed the excited b
flying over to Grampa, he proudly dropped Grampa's lost leg
lap. For while the others had hurried up the mountain Bill ha
back to the playground and snatched Grampa's leg away fr
Capers and two of the mischievous Pierrettes who were
engrossed in the game of scrum. It had taken Bill some time bu
last he was and, joyfully buckling on his leg, Grampa danced
the spot. For now his happiness was complete—Peer Haps
already given him a pipe. Everyone made such a fuss over Bil
felt fully repaid for his trouble.



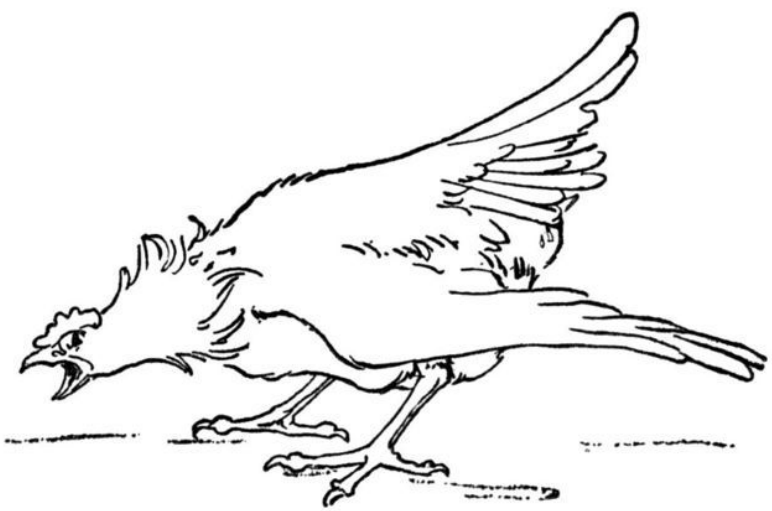
Indeed, it was hard to tell who, of all that merry company,
merriest—the Forgetful Poet at finding himself safely home, P
at finding his daughter, Grampa at the recovery of his leg, U
Tatters or Dorothy and Toto at the splendid way the advent
turned out.

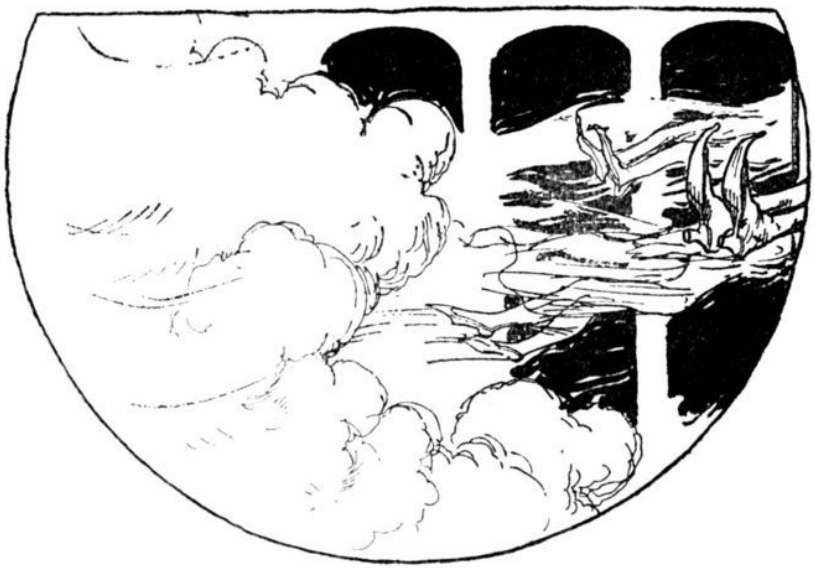
Chuckling with delight, Peer Haps ran off to fetch his yellow
he was determined that Tatters should have the fortune—a rew
thousand gold bricks.

"Is that the fortune?" asked Bill indignantly, as he placed th
hen in Tatters' arms. "Why, it's nothing but a bunch of feathers!

"Don't you crow over me," screeched the yellow hen and, fl
she laid a gold brick upon the table, much to the astonishmer
and the delight of the others.

While they still were laughing there was a blinding flash,
yellow hen, Bill, Toto, Peer Haps and every other single perso
throne room disappeared. Yes, sir, they were gone—as gone as
last year's Christmas candy.





CHAPTER 22

Rejoicing in Ragbad

Gone, you say. But where? I might as well tell you at once t
were gone from Perhaps City because they already were in
standing in a surprised group in the shabby ballroom of the re
For Ozma, looking that morning in the magic picture to
Dorothy had not returned to the Emerald City, had seen the l
and her companions and all day had been following their adven

With the aid of a powerful radio belonging to the Wizard of
had heard the whole story Grampa had just related and determ
her magic belt, to send them all safely home.

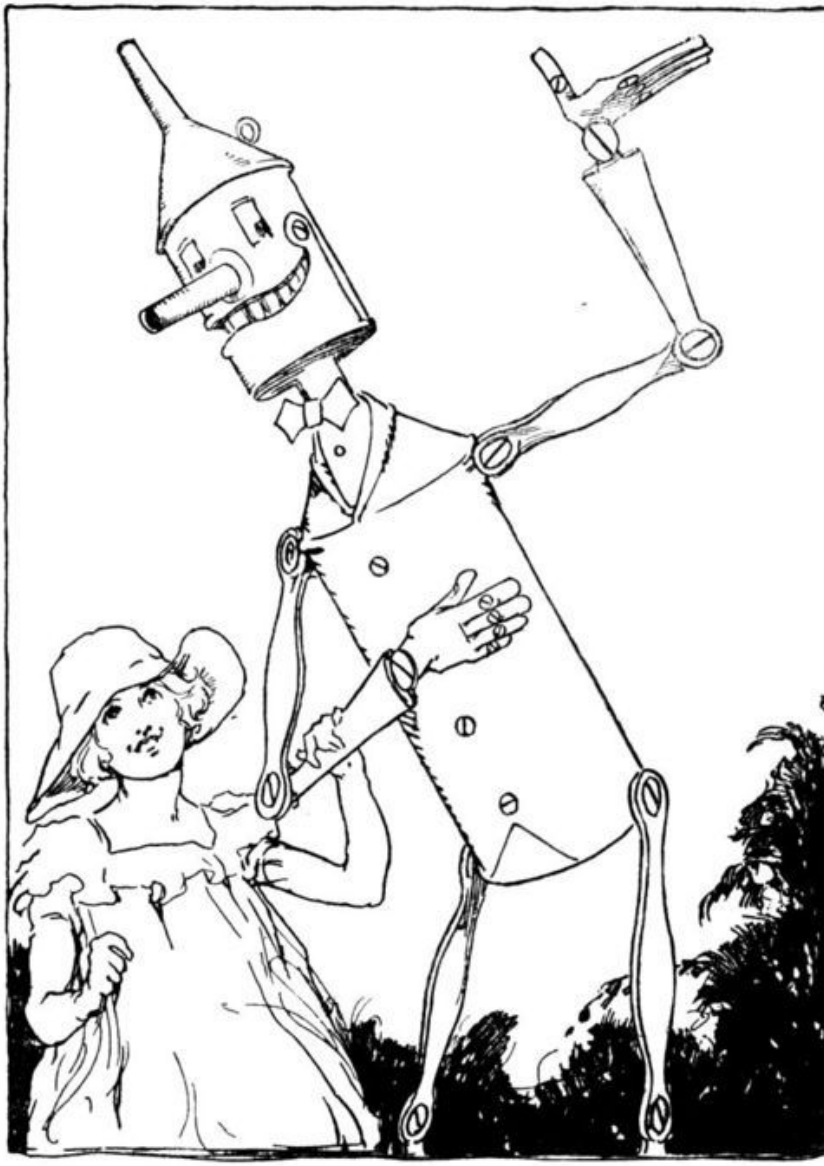
“They’ve had enough adventures,” smiled this wise little ru
because she knew Dorothy, the Forgetful Poet and Peer Hap

want to meet Mrs Sew-and-Sew and the rest of Tatters' friends, sent them along too. But, best of all, she had, aided by the magic, wished Fumbo's head firmly and permanently back u body. When Pudge and Mrs Sew-and-Sew, aroused by all the co came running to see what was the matter, imagine their surpris Fumbo in full possession of his head, welcoming Peer Haps, and the Forgetful Poet to Ragbad.

And now what a flurry of introductions and explanations, wh kisses and congratulations all 'round! Mrs Sew-and-Sew coul believe her good fortune and had to kiss Tatters every few mi see if he were really there and Urtha every few minutes to s really were true. After she had heard the whole story from begi end, she sent Pudge off to summon the twenty-four rustic labo rushed off to prepare such a feast as the old red castle had no since her own wedding day—a feast with six kinds of ice cr seven kinds of cake and two helpings of turkey for everyone. the night the merrymaking lasted, for after the feast itself soldier insisted that they dance the Ragbad Quadrille.

"Oh, let's!" cried the Princess, remembering how she and Ta danced upon the iceberg. So lines were quickly formed on eac the ballroom.

"Come along, monster!" cried Urtha, leading off merrily Prince, as Grampa burst into the spirited music of the dance. M and-Sew and Peer Haps came next, then the Forgetful P Dorothy, then Fumbo and Pudge, the twenty-four rustic labore in as they were needed. Not until the loud crows of Bill annou rising of the sun did the party break up, and only then after a rousing cheers had been given for the Prince and Princess of After luncheon next day, Dorothy and Toto, Peer Haps Forgetful Poet were magically transported back home by th little Ozma but, before she left, Dorothy made them promise to in the Emerald City and I have no doubt that they will.



When Dorothy reached home the first person to greet her old friend, the Tin Woodman, smiling as he always smiles.

From that day on, let me say, Ragbad was a changed Kingdo
the twenty-four rustic laborers sold the gold bricks as fast as th
laid by the yellow hen, there was plenty of money to buy supp
care for the linens and lawns. Grampa and Tatters had record c
soon everything was so prosperous that Mrs Sew-and-Sew tool
thimble, put on her crown and became Queen of Ragbad again.

As for Tatters and Urtha, the last I heard of them, they wer
as the days were long—as happy as only the dear folk in Oz kn
to be. So that is all of the story of the Princess who was once
the poet who forgot his words, the old soldier who was alway
and the Prince who went in search of his father's head.

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